

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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OUR INDIAN TROUBLES.—THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.  
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FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1882.

A NEW SERIAL.

WE shall commence in July next the publication of a new serial story by WILKIE COLLINS, secured at large expense expressly for the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. This last production of one of the foremost of English authors, whose popularity in this country is scarcely less pronounced than in his own, is characterized by all the startling realism, vivid character-painting, interesting dramatic situations and wondrous descriptions which have given his previous works their peculiar fascination. That it will add to his reputation with the reading public, we have no doubt whatever.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

MILLIONS of dollars expended, thousands of dreary miles patiently traversed through fields of ice, sufferings that can never be translated into words, hundreds of brave lives sacrificed—these but partly represent the output and investment of civilization during the period of a thousand years in its usually fruitless, always perilous, Arctic explorations. The record of these researches, dating from the discovery of Iceland by Northmen in 861, down to the crushing of the *Jeannette* in the ice and the death of De Long and his party in the delta of the River Lena, is filled with a fascination as weird as it is painful. Icelanders and Northmen were the earliest Arctic explorers, and the history of the most important of the Icelandic expeditions, which was lost and never heard from after, has been duplicated at irregular intervals ever since. In 1497, five years after Columbus discovered America, John and Sebastian Cabot attempted to sail westward around the northern extremity of the American continent, and thus were the pioneers in the attempt to seek out the Northwest passage.

From the voyage of Sir Hugh Willoughby, in 1563, who, after reaching Nova Zembla, was driven back to Lapland, where he and his crew miserably perished, the list of fated explorers has received frequent additions. In these tragedies, enacted in the interests of commerce or in the name of science, it is a curious fact that the men who have fallen victims have scarcely, without exception, been those who had previously made one or more voyages. Among these unfortunate navigators is William Barentz, who died in 1596, on his third trip; Henry Hudson, on his fourth voyage in 1610, set adrift to perish by a crew driven to mutiny by their sufferings; Behring, in 1741; Shaloroff, starved to death, with all his crew, in 1760; Sir John Franklin, who sailed in 1845 and died two years later, and the finding of whose remains and those of his men years afterwards made plain the awful fact that the death of his crew had been preceded by cannibalism; Captain Hall, who died in 1871; and, latest of all, Captain De Long. Scarcely less famous than these names and those of Baffin, Parry, Ross and Captain Cook, of De Haven, Kane and Hall, are those of many of the ships which have been associated with the unequal struggles with the horrors of icefloes and icebergs in the frozen zone—the *Hecla* and *Fury*, the *Tigress*, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, the *Polaris* and the *Jeannette*.

The earlier explorations were made in a belief of the existence of a Northwest passage—subsequently discovered by one of the numerous search expeditions sent out after Franklin—but the first voyages on which scientific investigations were made, so far as known, were those of Martin Frobisher, in 1576-78. It was in 1743 that the British Parliament offered a reward of \$100,000 to the crew who should accomplish the Northwest passage through Hudson Bay, which at that time was considered the great outlet to the then unexplored region. Since then explorations have been made largely for the advancement of scientific objects, as well as for more or less hypothetical and chimerical commercial advantage. And what has it all amounted to? On the debit side are the millions of money, the heroic but hopeless struggles ending in death; on the credit side, the geographer and scientist will tell us, is the laying down on charts of the most northern configurations of the continent, the discovery of lands uninhabited and uninhabitable, interesting and curious studies relating to the magnetic needle and the aurora borealis—and what else? Is it not time to balance the books and close the account? The utmost intelligence of man has been unequal to the task of overcoming, or even mitigating in any appreciable degree, the implacable obstacles of eternal ice and snow and a thermometer that would look upon zero as the height of midsummer madness. It is a sad but significant fact that the expeditions for which the most

elaborate preparations have been made, and on which the most money has been expended, have generally proven the most disastrous. Perhaps the most feasible project for reaching the North Pole, that *ignis fatuus* of intrepid but misguided explorers, is that now under consideration, by which approaches shall be made from gradually advancing stations, fully equipped with men and supplies for permanent operations, but even this is of doubtful utility.

It has been said that we have managed to get along so far without the North Pole; there is no reason why we may not continue to get along without it. There are a good many reasons, however, why we should cease to sacrifice lives in the foolhardy attempt to find it. With some infatuated business men it is a habit to send good money after bad, and in the matter of Arctic explorations geographical societies and governments have already sent too many live men after dead ones. This country has done her full share of this sort of thing. Dr. Kane has penetrated further towards the Pole than any other man, and our other explorers during the century have contributed a large part of whatever has been achieved in the direction of Arctic discovery; latest and most pathetic of all our contributions has been that of the gallant De Long and his heroic comrades. Let us hereafter keep our Halls, our De Longs and our Chipps; let the inhospitable Arctic for ever, if it will, conceal in eternal ice the secret of its open sea and its Pole beyond, and leave us our adventurous and undaunted officers and sailors for more useful service and a kinder fate.

"BOSS" RULE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE efforts of the Independents of Pennsylvania to wrest the Republican Party in that State from the control of one man, and make it master of itself, though attended with some encouraging results, have failed at present of the hoped-for success. The State Convention held last week showed very clearly that the party is still under the complete sway of Senator Cameron. In one respect, however, the "Boss," either from policy or principle, was constrained to make a concession to the Independents. The platform adopted is substantially that which they demanded, and in terms a flat rebuke of the methods by which the party has for a long time been governed, and by which in fact the convention itself was made subservient to the machine. Indeed, if the principles set forth in the platform were to be carried out in good faith, the Independents would have little ground for further complaint.

But just here is the rub. The ticket presented, though in other respects a good one, is made up almost exclusively of men who have heretofore trained with the "machine," and there is, therefore, too much reason to fear that the platform has been adopted to lure the Independents to their ruin, and to be repudiated when it has answered that end. The professions of a "Boss," wrung from him in his dread of defeat and overthrow, and unaccompanied by any act attesting the sincerity of his repentance for past offenses, can scarcely be thought worthy of full confidence. We are told that when the plank denouncing the use of offices for personal ends was read in the convention, there was "loud laughter, which changed into a general roar." When the platform was under consideration in committee, one gentleman declared that it was "only for use in this campaign, and to be laid on the shelf afterwards." On the other hand, it is only fair to say that General Beaver, the nominee for Governor, said "he should regard the platform as the embodiment of the principles of the party, and he, at least, would live up to it."

What the Independents will do remains to be seen. They are certainly placed in a very delicate and responsible position. There is danger that they may be divided in opinion as to the best course to be pursued. Some may say that, having succeeded in getting the party to adopt a sound platform, and the ticket nominated being composed of men of high character, it will be best to accept the result as a great point gained, and continue the efforts to reform the party from the inside. Others may say, as Senator Mitchell has already said, that the platform was not adopted in good faith, that it is a mere ruse on the part of the Ring and its adherents, and therefore that the Independents should nominate a ticket of their own and support it even at the risk of turning the State over to the Democratic Party.

Let us hope that the question may be discussed with a gravity and a candor befitting its great importance. If it is inevitable that the path of reform, sooner or later, should lead in that State to the accession of the Democratic Party to power, the fact may be accepted and acted upon as well now as at any future time. Anything is preferable to the perpetuation of that odious machine domination which has so long stifled all attempts to purify the politics of the Keystone State,

and made obedience to the orders of a self-constituted autocrat the supreme condition of party recognition and fellowship.

WAS IT IMPRUDENCE?

THE people of the State of New York will commend the action of the Legislature in refusing to adjourn until the investigation into the judicial action of Judge T. R. Westbrook is concluded and the result submitted. This should be made to include both of the pending investigations: that concerning his course in appointing receivers, etc., in the case of insolvent insurance companies; and that concerning his "rescue" of the \$13,000,000 for the Manhattan Elevated Railroad's stockholders—alleged to be chiefly two individual capitalists.

In regard to the first matter, it is charged that the judge appointed receivers of several large bankrupt insurance companies on the recommendation of prominent politicians, and that some of them proved to be incompetent or unworthy; that he ordered the payment to counsel of bills so large that each bill was a small fortune; that one receiver was paid by him \$17,500 for five months' service; that another receiver's compensation was fixed by him at \$600 a month, and that \$52,000 was paid out for such services from the assets of the ruined Continental; that \$1,200 was paid to a man who was not employed and performed no services of any kind; that the sum of \$22,750 was paid to a referee to decide whether \$13,000 should be paid to another person; that the judge's own son received \$500 as referee on the enormous bill for counsel fees, which was paid; that his brother had been employed at a high salary by one receiver appointed by him, and that other irregularities can be shown to exist. The judge's rejoinder is that the sums that seem extravagant and unjust were paid according to law, and that his brother and son were appointed on their merits.

In regard to the second matter, it is charged that Judge Westbrook became virtually counsel for the Manhattan Company while engaged in trying a suit against it; that he "coached" its attorneys as to the course they had better take, and that he finally, "in the interest of Jay Gould and other stock-jobbers," secretly decided the case, involving \$13,000,000, in their favor, holding court for that purpose in Mr. Gould's office in the Western Union building. In the effort to substantiate these extreme charges, testimony has been given showing that the judge did hold court for the purpose alleged—not, indeed, in Mr. Gould's office, but in a room hired and controlled by him; and twelve letters from Judge Westbrook to General Wager Swaine are produced in court, all written before the decision, advising that attorney what to do, foreshadowing what he himself was about to do, and containing such extra-judicial sentences as these:

"I do not understand the mysteries of Wall Street, having never speculated either there or elsewhere; but I can see, with Mr. Gould's great interest, how such an act by him to save the property would be a good financial operation as one affecting all his interests. To accomplish this result I am willing to go to the very verge of judicial discretion. I write freely because we have great practical questions before us in which the arm's-length etiquette of courts is useless."

To this arraignment it is replied by Judge Westbrook that it was his duty to save, if possible, the bankrupt Manhattan Company; that the receiver of that company was virtually an officer of the Court, and his counsel must be regarded as holding the same function, and that it was therefore the judge's duty to consult them freely as his own auxiliaries in a beneficent work.

The embarrassing consideration is that the judge's decision was made, to a certain extent, privately instead of publicly, and that its instantaneous effect was to make a difference of millions of dollars in the value of the property adjudicated, transferring that enormous sum from the pockets of one set of men to the pockets of another set.

If Judge Westbrook, in the exacting round of his duties, has overstepped the bounds of prudence in this matter, or in either of these matters, it should be known at once. If he has not done so, he is entitled to the speediest possible vindication. The excessive zeal of some newspapers which leads them to calumniate almost every public officer is to be deeply deprecated and condemned, and we do not doubt that Judge Westbrook thinks, just now, that he has fallen on an era of universal calumny; but even worse than slander is a suspicion of unworthiness resting upon the reputation of a judge. A Court should be above suspicion; and too much earnestness to settle a contested case in one direction is sure to be attributed to unseemly motives.

We have no desire to decide the case of Judge Westbrook. That is for the Legislature, which wisely determines to await the reports of the committees. It seems quite unlikely that a man of his general reputation has been guilty of actual corruption; but he may have been indiscreet, may have done things that were un-

wise and even unjust. It is obvious, at any rate, that the laws which govern the management of bankrupt insurance companies are grossly inadequate, and seriously in need of amendment in the interest of honesty and justice. Let the modification be thorough.

THE WORLD'S COINAGE.

METALLIC currency is falling into disuse. In the evolution of trade the world has come to prefer that most convenient article "paper money"—which is so convenient, in fact, that many imprudent nations are suffering from a plethora of it. Paper nowadays is the representative of values; gold, silver, etc., are only used as small change, hoarded or held in vaults as a basis for paper. In our electric age lugging metals about would be like riding in old coaches instead of Pullman trains. However, sundry poor nations, naturally distrusting their depreciated paper money, like to see the precious metals occasionally; and there is besides a continued grumbling everywhere over the scarcity of small coins for change. Two years ago the leading bankers and merchants of London memorialized the Prime Minister over the "increasing scarcity of metallic currency." To stop such small chinks have descended gold and silver coins, once, and not long back, alone regarded as "real money."

The vast bulk of the world's commerce is carried on by a simple and sure system of exchanges, which in reality does not necessitate paper money, but merely blank paper, upon which to write checks and drafts and keep accounts. As illustrating this now universal exchange system, we may cite some very interesting facts recently given in a speech by the Comptroller of the United States Treasury. He stated that the total coinage of the mints for 1881 was \$106,000,000, and that this sum, if used exclusively in making payments by the banks of this city, would be exhausted in three hours; that the total present coin supply of the country, or \$685,000,000, would, if similarly used, be exhausted in five days; and, finally, that the total coinage of the republic from its foundation, or \$1,531,000,100, would, if similarly used, be at an end in nine and a half days. "The use of coin and currency," said Comptroller Knox, "is almost nothing in proportion to the use of the modern instruments of checks and drafts, which are found upon the remotest frontier, and which are the machinery of the banker. A single check pays for houses and lands, for mines of gold and silver, and for long lines of railway. The coin and currency are useful only in small transactions and in paying the daily balances."

The inauguration of our present immense paper system was largely due to the great yield of the precious metals since the last thirty years. Over five billions of gold and silver—three and a half billions of gold—have been extracted from the earth since 1848. California struck gold in 1848, only a few months after its cession by Spain, and Australia followed suit in 1851. The gold-seekers of that first period scorned wages, as they only had to "pick up" gold for themselves, often in big nuggets, the biggest on record having been worth \$27,660. After the surface had been exhausted, however, the turn of capital came, and capital alone to-day can work down in the depths of the earth—that is, mine its wealth. Startling as it seems, the best authorities hold that the gold gravel-beds of California are so extensive, and the limitations upon the working of them so great, that they cannot possibly be exhausted for scores of years to come. A long future of gold production is also predicted for Australia, as of silver productions for our silver regions—Nevada, New Mexico, etc. Prior to 1848, one-half of the world's annual supply of gold came from the Czar's territory. In 1877 the total yield of gold in Russia was \$22,500,000; yet, despite this large gain of the metal, not a single gold coin is to be found in circulation in that empire—a fact clearly denoting the bad effects of an unlimited paper currency. In like manner, Turkey, Austria, Italy, Spain, suffering from debt and depreciated paper currency, are the owners of little or no specie, while the paper of Germany, France, England and America is at par, because solidly based on metal and credit—credit which has grown to be the very soul of business.

INCREASED COST OF LIVING.

THE marked advance in fresh beef within a comparatively short time is another drain on the poor man's purse, already heavily taxed by the advance in flour and other necessities of life, not to mention rents—an advance which has been accompanied in some parts of the country, notably in New England, by a reduction in wages. Prices of fresh beef here are now three cents per pound higher than a few months ago, and five cents higher than in 1880. In Boston the advance has been



equally marked, and in Chicago prices are from thirty-three to fifty per cent. higher than two years ago. The consumption has fallen off in some sections fully one-third, the laboring classes in particular finding the additional cost too heavy a burden to be borne.

The present high prices are attributable in part to the destruction of many young cattle by the severe Winter of 1880-81, and to the scarcity of corn and other cereals and their high price, which prevented the proper fattening of the beaves. Another reason lies in the enormous immigration within two years, reaching no less than 1,300,000 souls, and which has caused an extraordinary demand for cattle to stock new farms. Then, again, the exports have been excessive; we have, in fact, been sending abroad far more than we could spare. We exported last year 185,700 live cattle valued at \$14,304,000, against 182,700 in 1880 valued at \$13,344,000, and only 136,700 in 1879 valued at \$8,379,000. This shows the enormous growth of the export trade in cattle within three years. Since the opening of the present year the exports have been large, though they are now restricted by the high prices. Indeed it would not be surprising, should prices go much higher, to see importations of beef from abroad as has been the case with potatoes and some other vegetables, as well as salted meats originally sent from this country and now reshipped hither owing to the high quotations here prevailing.

It is, however, gratifying to notice that the prospect for an increased shipment of beaves from the West to the Atlantic seaboard is brightening. It is stated that the increase will average ten per cent. over last year, though in Montana and Nevada the outlook is not so satisfactory. In Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska the drovers' fears of another drought have been allayed by recent snows which saved the grass crop.

In considering this question, however, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that Americans consume too much meat, and that if the advance in prices did not bear with such severity on the laboring class for whom meat seems a necessity, a reduced consumption of such stimulating food by other classes need excite no regret. The German physiologist, Haller, indeed, in answer to the proposition, "What is the natural food of man?" avers that "Our proper nutriment should consist of vegetables and semi-animal substances which can be eaten with relish before their natural taste has been disguised by artificial preparation." This may be for the most part assented to even in non-tropical climates, without accepting the views of the more rigid vegetarians who do not always make due allowance for the "striped coat of climates," which, in Emerson's words, clothes the earth. It is claimed by other scientists that meat is not our natural food; that this is proved not only by the structure of our teeth—certainly not very sharp—but by the digestive apparatus and the hands, and, above all, by the bent of our instincts. The appetite for meat is an acquired taste—the child is horrified at the slaughter-house where the puppy's appetite is excited. Without going further into theories, it is a fact quite generally recognized that we consume in this country too much meat, and that this habit unites with the custom of excessive smoking and the large consumption of spirituous liquors to increase the nervousness of a people naturally nervous by reason of the dryness of our atmosphere. If we regard the matter in this light, the recent advance in beef may be met with the aphorism: "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

#### THE IRISH SITUATION.

MR. GLADSTONE has returned to the policy of coercion. Instead of adhering bravely to the position he assumed before the Dublin assassinations and seizing the opportunity afforded by the improved feeling in Ireland to compose existing differences upon the solid basis of conciliation and mutual good will, he has permitted himself to fall in with the views of the extreme Coercionists and accept a policy of repression which, while it is primarily aimed at members of secret political organizations who are believed to be responsible for the bloody crimes which have become so common, so immediately invades the personal rights of every citizen, that it must, in the very nature of things, lead to fresh contentions and deeper abysses of perplexity.

The Bill for the repression of crime in Ireland introduced in the House of Commons on Thursday last, provides for the suspension of trial by jury, summary arrest, the searching of domiciles for concealed arms, etc., the Lord-Lieutenant being given almost absolute power over the persons and possessions of suspected parties. Special tribunals of three judges each will try all agrarian offenses, but the right of appeal to a higher court is preserved to the persons accused. "The Government," it was announced, "will revive the Alien Act; secret societies are to be dealt with summarily, and membership thereof will constitute an offense under this Act. Cases of aggravated assault are to be treated in a summary manner. Power is given to repress intimidation and unlawful meeting, the latter to be dealt with summarily. Newspapers containing seditious and infla-

matory matter are to be suppressed and the proprietors required to enter into recognizances not to repeat the offense. Justices can compel the attendance of witnesses about to abscond. Compensation for murder and outrage will be required of the districts where they occur. Outrages are to be dealt with summarily by courts which are to consist of two stipendiary magistrates."

This is but the barest outline of the new policy, as announced by Sir William Harcourt. The Bill was promptly passed to its first reading by a vote of 327 to 22, but not until Mr. Parnell had condemned it in strong terms as a violent departure from that temperate policy which, though of brief duration, had awakened such high hopes of a satisfactory solution of the Irish problem. The Irish members, who were for the time appeased, will resist the measure to the bitter end, and in this attitude they will, evidently, have the approval of their constituencies, who are unable to see why the Dublin murders, which they have unqualifiedly condemned, should be avenged upon the nation at large. It is understood that the Bill in relation to the arrears of rent will be introduced at once.

The appointment of Otto Trevelyan as Chief Secretary for Ireland has been very favorably received. He has been conspicuous as a radical reformer, was a prominent advocate of the removal of the Irish Church Establishment, and, while representing the policy of conciliation, will deal firmly with the spirit of violence and terrorism should it again assert itself. His office, however, is stripped of a great deal of its power by the fact that Mr. Gladstone proposes himself to do much of the work heretofore done by the Chief Secretary, who will thus be a subordinate instead of the chief executive officer of the island, armed practically with absolute power. The office of Lord-Lieutenant, under the new arrangement, will acquire more dignity and power than has heretofore attached to it; and Earl Spencer has already announced, in reply to an address, that he will do his duty without flinching, maintain and enforce the law, and restore confidence in those parts of the country where life and liberty are endangered by lawless acts of unprincipled men.

#### A "CRISIS" IN EGYPT.

THERE is another "crisis" in Egypt. The Ministry, which was created by the army, has again shown its contempt of the organic law by summoning the Chamber of Notables over the head of the Khédive—nominally for the purpose of adjusting existing differences in the Administration, but really for the purpose of deposing the Khédive and setting up a government under Arabi Bey. The Notables, however, have refused to assemble unless legally convened, and the Ministry were therefore, at last accounts, contemplating the use of force to accomplish their purpose. The Khédive declares that he will stand his ground firmly, relying upon material support from England and France. The Ministers, on the other hand, announce their determination to resist Turkish intervention to the bitter end, and should this purpose be persisted in an armed collision will be inevitable. The Sultan having already taken steps to dispatch 30,000 troops to Egypt, should their presence become necessary. At the same time the Powers have been informed that France and England will act in concert, and that they will not countenance any step which might diminish Egyptian independence. The English and French Comptrollers-General have ceased to hold official relations with the Ministry, and the general situation may be described in the words—Anarchy reigns supreme. Both England and France have sent ironclads to Alexandria, and Austria and Italy will also, it is understood, be represented on the scene by men-of-war.

A PHENIX never rose more gloriously from its ashes than in the case of John C. Freund's resuscitated critical weekly, now called *Music and Drama*. Mr. Archer's exhaustive and remarkably intelligent review of the Music Festival performances in the last issue will be interesting to the devotees of the art.

THE mineral wealth which the South possesses is but just coming to be recognized. Alabama promises to become famous for the production of coal, and the fuel market in the Southwest is already affected by the output of a State where coal-mining was practically unknown ten years ago. The production rose from 290,000 tons in 1879 to 340,000 in 1880 and 400,000 in 1881, and a single company at Birmingham is this year mining 1,500 tons a day. The coal is claimed to be superior to the Pennsylvania product, and is supplanting Pittsburg coal in the New Orleans market.

THE Tariff Commission Bill has at last passed both branches of Congress, nearly all the Republicans and many Democrats in each branch supporting it. The commission, which is to be appointed by the President, is required to make its report by the opening of the session next December, but there is a strong feeling that nothing practical will come of the scheme. Congress will, of course, insist upon overhauling the commission's report, and, in the hurry and confusion which always attend a short session, it will be all too easy for the opponents of tariff revision to choke off all action.

No doubt the reasons which induced the President to sign the anti-Chinese Bill were good and sufficient in his own mind, but he could easily have found quite as good reasons for withholding his approval had he cared to do so. We know that the Executive cannot dictate the form of legislation or refuse assent to a measure merely because it is not in every respect what he would have preferred, but in

this case, he was fairly committed against the principle and spirit of the Bill, and he could have withheld his approval on that ground with absolute certainty that the country would have supported him in so doing.

"BOYCOTTING" has taken on a new phase. A number of prominent merchants in New York and other Eastern cities recently petitioned Congress not to pass a violent Anti-Chinese law like that which President Arthur vetoed. The San Francisco papers now publish a full list of these petitioners, and call upon every citizen of the Pacific Coast to "make it a point of honor to never deal with them, either directly or indirectly." The incident furnishes a striking proof of the intensity of Anti-Chinese feeling in California, but the people of that State will scarcely recall it with pride when they have recovered from their present craze over the Mongolians.

THE Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives have reported favorably the Bill providing that the coinage of silver dollars shall be limited to the demand for actual circulation until an international agreement for the free coinage of silver on a common ratio with gold shall be made by the leading commercial nations; also, that until such agreement shall be made, the issue of silver certificates shall be discontinued, provided, however, that the silver certificates now outstanding may be reissued from time to time. Congress should pass the measure without delay, and so put a stop at once to the multiplication of the depreciated "dollar of the fathers."

THE Bill to elevate the Agricultural Bureau to the dignity of an Executive Department has passed the House of Representatives. The Bill provides that the department shall be under the supervision and control of a Secretary who shall be an experienced and practical agriculturist, and establishes the following bureaus of the department: Of agricultural products; of animal industry; of lands, and of statistics. There seems to be doubt as to the passage of the Bill by the Senate, in its present shape; but if the agricultural interests of the country can be really promoted by an enlargement of the functions and scope of the existing bureau, legislation to that end cannot be a great while postponed.

AS THOUGH it were not enough that millions should be squandered in the construction of the new Capitol at Albany, fears are already expressed that the great building may tumble down before it is completed. Large cracks have appeared in the ceiling of the Assembly Chamber, and an investigation shows that there has been a considerable movement of the stonework. Some of the members are not unnaturally worried lest the roof may fall in upon them, and experts will be summoned to decide what ought to be done to avert the possibility of such a disaster. The history of public buildings in this country has abounded in jobbery, but the New York Capitol stands out as the monumental fraud.

IT is well that Congress has finally determined to give immediate attention to the subject of extending the charters of the national banks. Wholesale disaster would result from delay or refusal to act in that direction. The banking capital of the country, as stated by the Comptroller of the Currency, is \$650,000,000. Of this four-fifths is in national banks. The deposits in these banks amount to about \$1,500,000,000, and of the interest-bearing funded debt they hold \$420,000,000. Any policy which should endanger the permanency of the banking system which holds this important relation to the public credit and the business of the country, would deservedly provoke universal execration; and if any party supposes its way to power lies over the wreck of the national banks, it has only to make the experiment to find itself most woefully mistaken.

GUITEAU has been again recalled to public notice by the argument before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia of the exceptions taken by his counsel. At the same time other members of the assassin's family have made a fresh bid for notoriety. Lawyer Scoville turned up in New York early last week, and applied for a writ of habeas corpus requiring his brother-in-law, John W. Guiteau, to produce in court Mrs. Scoville, whom he was claimed to be keeping away from her husband. There was much washing of dirty family linen in court, and then, after it was over, a dispatch came from Chicago announcing that Mrs. Scoville, whom her husband was seeking in New York, had returned to her home. There seems no doubt that the wretched woman is more or less crazy, and it would be fortunate for their reputation if all members of the family could plead the same excuse for conduct that is nothing less than disgusting.

IN some remarks at the Chamber of Commerce banquet, in New York city, the other evening, Mr. John Jay Knox, Comptroller of the Currency, stated that the increase in the deposits of savings-banks during the last thirty years has been absolutely without parallel in any other country. The deposits in the savings banks in the New England and Middle States in the year 1850 were but \$43,000,000; in 1860 but \$148,000,000; they are now more than \$880,000,000. The increase of deposits and loans and other investments in the banks of the United States, particularly during the last ten years, has been equally notable. Since 1850 the capital of the banks of New York city has increased from \$35,000,000 to \$70,000,000, and a surplus has been accumulated of about \$30,000,000. The loans have increased more than three times, and the individual deposits more than six times, while the bank balances have increased in a much greater ratio.

#### 'NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE Indiana Republican State Convention will be held August 9th.

MR. SARGENT, the American Minister to Germany, has arrived in Berlin.

COLONEL FRY has been appointed Minister from Switzerland to the United States.

THE Pension Appropriation Bill has been reported to the House, and calls for \$100,000,000.

THERE were one hundred and eighteen business failures in the United States during the past week.

THE Senate has passed the Bill to establish a Federal Court of Appeals as a means of relieving the overworked Supreme Court.

UNREASONABLY cold weather prevailed all over the North last week, and several inches of snow fell at Washington, D. C., on the 12th instant.

THE Society of the Army of the Tennessee held its annual reunion at St. Louis, May 11th, and elected, as President, General Sherman, who was present and made a speech.

THE Illinois Republicans will meet in State Convention at Springfield, on June 28th, to nominate candidates for State Treasurer and Superintendent of Public Instruction.

A CLEVELAND (Ohio) saloon-keeper has been convicted of violating the new Sunday Closing Law, and the temperance people feel a growing hope that it can be generally enforced.

THE Southern Republican members of the House of Representatives have adopted a resolution urging the immediate consideration of the Southern contested election cases by the House.

THE Southern Baptist Convention held at Greenville, S. C., last week, adopted a resolution looking to a conference with other Baptists for the production of a new translation of the Bible.

THE House has passed the Geneva Award Bill, which revives the Court of Commissioners of Alabama claims, and directs that the money shall be paid to those who suffered from the exulted cruisers.

THE River and Harbor Bill, as reported to the House of Representatives, appropriates a total of about \$15,000,000, which includes the amount already published for the Mississippi River Improvement.

It is reported that the Secretary of the Interior has decided to adopt the policy of disarming all the Indians in the Western States and Territories who are subject to the effective control of the Government.

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB, the well-known astronomer of Washington, D. C., has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy of Dublin, in recognition of his distinguished services to science.

GOVERNOR MCENERY has sent a message to the Louisiana Legislature urging the settlement of the State debt on an equitable basis. He says this course is necessary to the restoration of the credit and honor of the State.

ALL the members of his family have joined Senator Hill of Georgia at Eureka Springs, Ark., where he lies very low and without hope of recovery. Ex-Governor Washburne of Wisconsin lies critically ill at the same place.

THE election trials in South Carolina have ended for the present, the District Attorney continuing the cases on the docket. There were five trials, one of which resulted in an acquittal, and the others in failures of the juries to agree.

GENERAL CHALMERS, of Mississippi, who was recently unseated from the House, has announced himself an independent candidate for the next Congress on a platform which opposes the "Lamar Democracy" and promises support of the Arthur administration.

THE House Committee on Education and Labor has reported a Bill providing for the annual appropriation of \$10,000,000 during the next five years to aid in the support of free common schools, to be apportioned among the States in proportion to their illiteracy.

THE movement to establish female suffrage in New York by an Act of the Legislature giving women the right to vote under the same qualifications as men, has been effectually stifled by an opinion from the Attorney-General that such a measure would be unconstitutional.

THE Twenty-second Annual Convention of the United States Brewers' Association was held in Washington last week. Action was taken on several matters of interest to the trade. Among other things, a fund was raised to be used in opposing State enactments hostile to the beer interests in Indiana, Michigan, Iowa and Kansas.

STEPHEN H. CONDUCT, one of the directors of the defunct Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, N. J., who knew of Cashier Baldwin's long-continued peculations but said nothing, has contributed \$250,000 towards a fund for re-establishing the bank, and the prosecution against him for conspiracy with Baldwin has been dropped.

THE Pennsylvania Republican Convention, held at Harrisburg last week, nominated the following ticket: For Governor—James A. Beaver; for Lieutenant Governor—William T. Davies; for Secretary of Internal Affairs—John M. Greer; for Judge of the Supreme Court—William Henry Rawle; for Congressman-at-Large—Thomas M. Marshall.

EXAMINATION shows that ex-President R. Porter Lee, of the defunct First National Bank of Buffalo, was guilty of systematic embezzlement of the funds of this bank from the beginning of his management. He was led into it by speculators and stock-gamblers, who appealed to his cupidity and desire to get rich suddenly. They got the largest share of the bank's money—over \$1,000,000 in all.

THE Legislative Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill, now before Congress, increases the clerical force preparing pension cases by 1,210, the object being to enable the Commissioner of Pensions to adjust all pending claims within three years. The total appropriation is \$10,691,049, which is \$2,650,368 more than the amount appropriated by the present Bill, but \$1,484,855 less than the estimate.

##### Foreign.

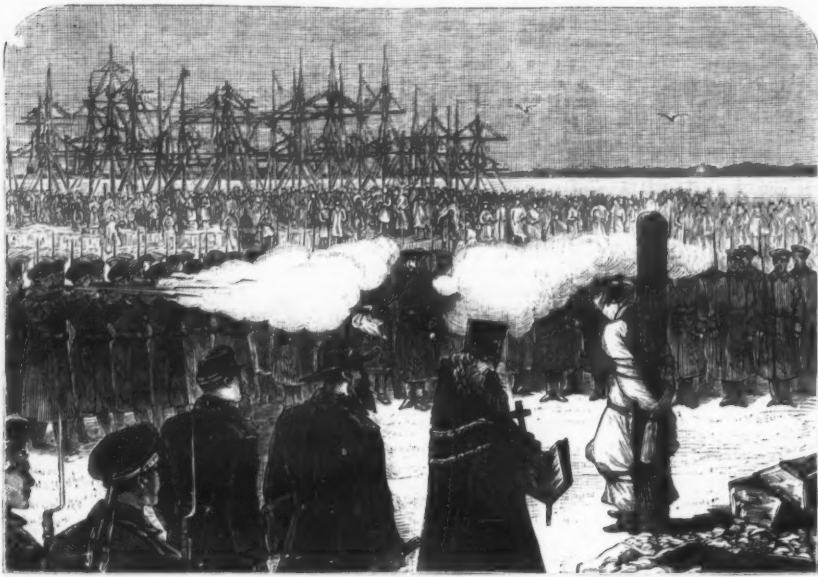
AN official return shows that four hundred and sixty-two agrarian outrages were committed in Ireland during the month of April.

IN a recent interview Mr. Parnell distinctly imputed the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke to the Fenians. He also stated that the Land League has withdrawn the "no rent" manifesto, but have not thought it necessary to make public the fact by a new manifesto.

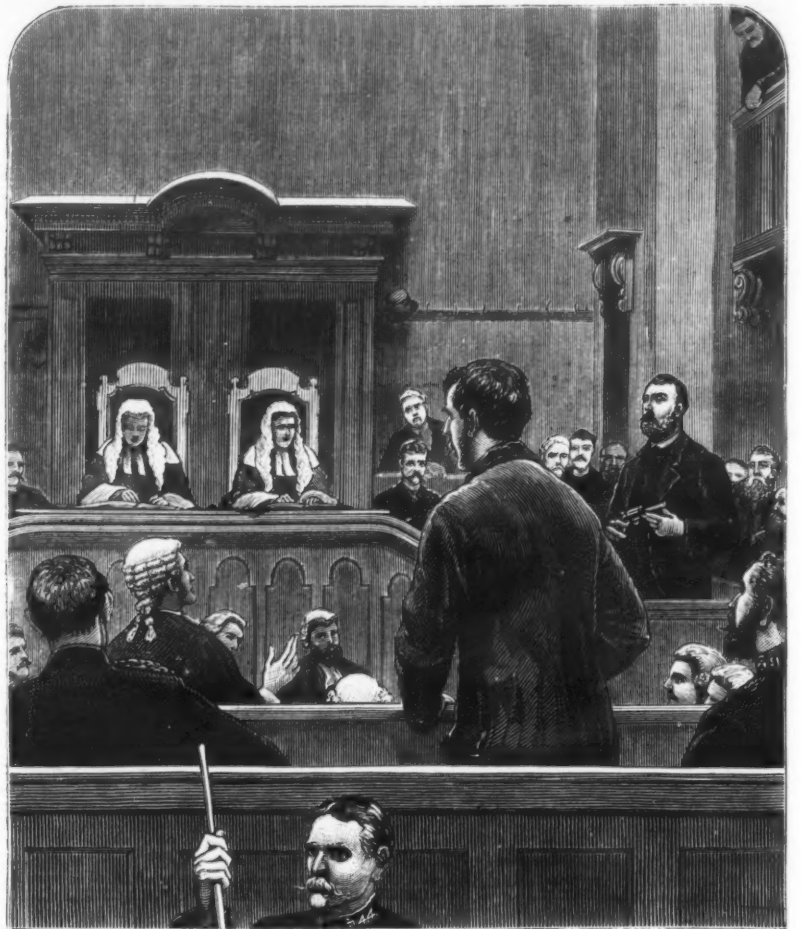
IN the latest British Ministerial appointments Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, Political Secretary to the Colonial Office, succeeds Lord Frederick Cavendish as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and Mr. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Financial Secretary to the War Office, succeeds Mr. George Otto Trevelyan as Secretary to the Admiralty.



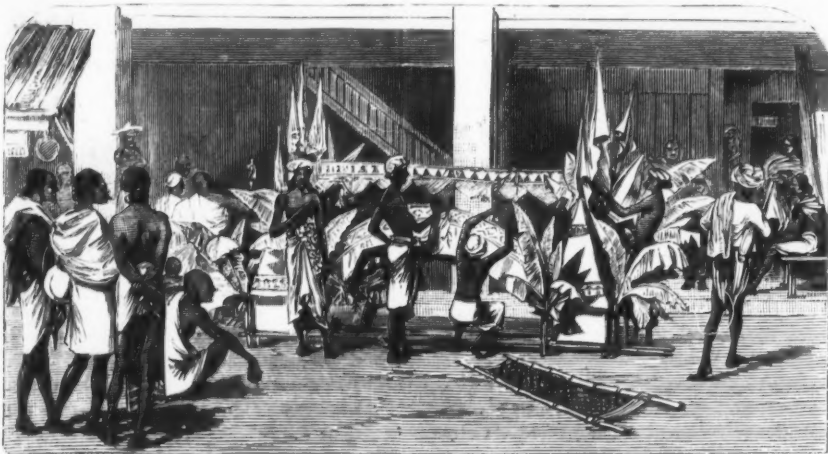
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 199.



RUSSIA.—EXECUTION OF THE NIHILIST SUCHANOFF IN CRONSTADT.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE STATE TRIAL OF RODERICK MACLEAN, THE QUEEN'S ASSAILANT.



THE BRITISH COLONIES.—A HINDOO FUNERAL IN SINGAPORE—PREPARING THE BIER.



GERMANY.—FALLS OF THE RHINE, NEUHAUSEN.

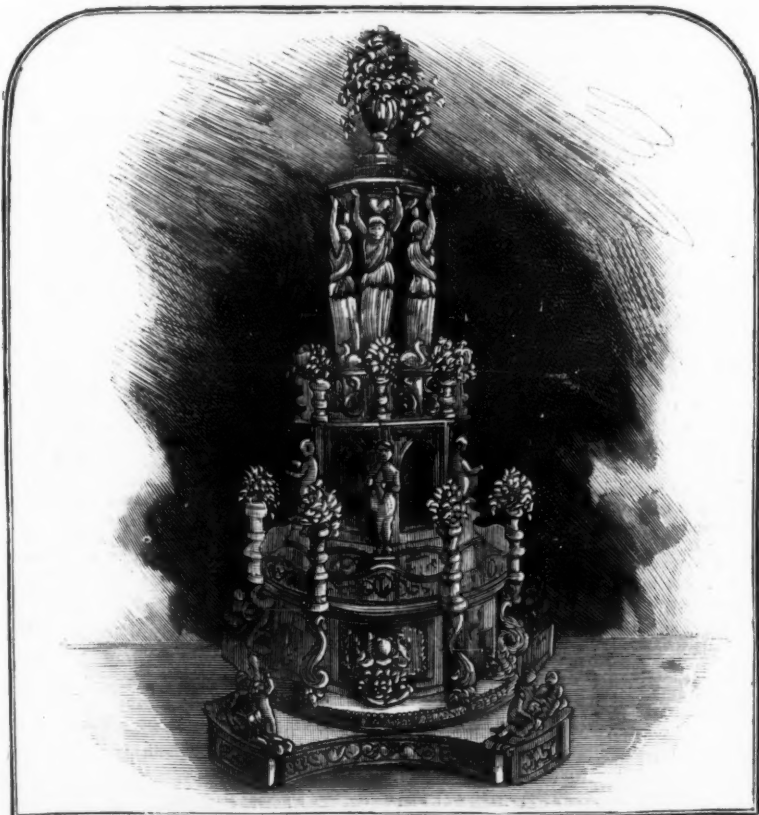


AUSTRIA.—THE NEW PALM-HOUSE IN THE PALACE GARDENS AT SCHONBRUNN, VIENNA.



LADY ERMYNTRUDE RUSSELL.

LADY JANE SEYMOUR CONYNGHAM.



THE BRIDE CAKE.



LADY FLORENCE BEATRICE ANSON.



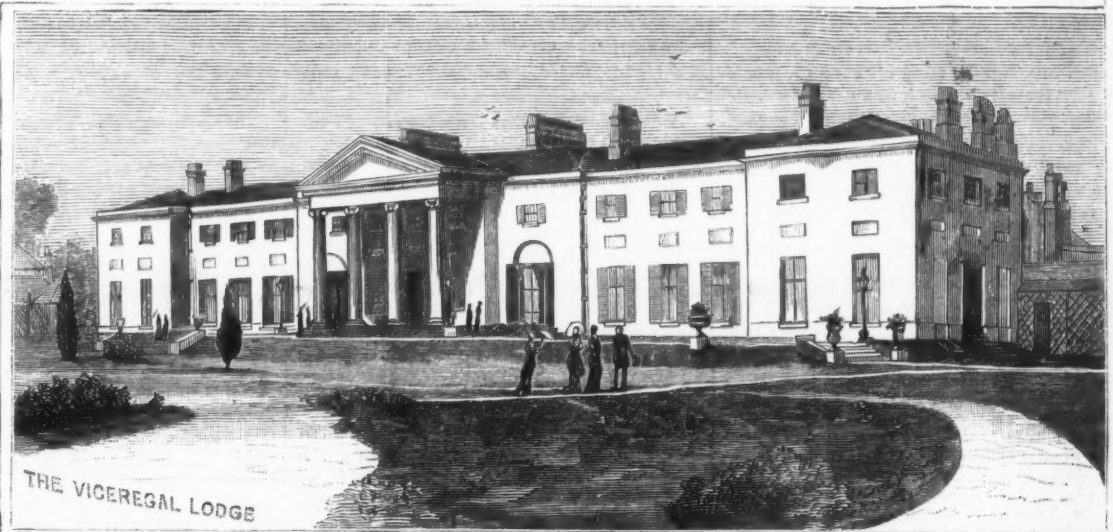
LADY MARY CAMPBELL.

MARRIAGE OF H. R. H. THE DUKE OF ALBANY—THE BRIDE-CAKE AND FOUR OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.





PHOENIX PARK—THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY



THE VICEROYAL LODGE



THE WIDOW AND THE ASSASSIN.—"TIM, LOOK AT THE POOR LADY."

"I . . . CAN'T . . . BIDDY."

IRELAND.—THE ASSASSINATION OF LORD CAVENDISH AND UNDER-SECRETARY BURKE, IN DUBLIN, MAY 6TH.—SEE PAGE 198.



## THE WATCHER.

SHE sat and watched by Love, whom spiteful Pride thrice thro' and thro' and thro' again had thrust With his keen cruel dagger of distrust. "No art can heal these mortal hurts," she cried. "The end is certain; but here by his side My watch I'll keep; for my hand only must Close those dear eyes, and lower him to the dust; Then Pride and I will pass on satisfied."

The night seemed long. The day was longer still; Another night and day, and night and day. Yet Love lived on; oh, Pride, where is thy skill? How strong he is whom thou hadst thought to kill! She kept her watch. Her dark hair turned to gray; She died, but Love stood radiant by her clay.

ELLA WHEELER.

## REV. PELEG POSTLETHWAIT.

MOST houses are popularly supposed to contain a skeleton. This obnoxious article, according to all reliable accounts, is usually concealed in some hidden closet.

Now the Rev. Peleg Postlethwait was not by any means an ordinary person, and, although in common with lesser men, he had in his home a skeleton of the most skinless, hideous and depressing kind, he did not keep it in the conventional closet, or throwing about under foot, but snugly and decently packed away under the sloping attic eaves.

So well and carefully was it kept from sight, that I doubt if one of the Rev. Peleg's parishioners had ever dreamed that the pretty parsonage sheltered so unwelcome an inmate; until one pleasant Spring morning it seemed suddenly to rise up, as it were, and shake itself so loudly that the clatter of its bones were heard even in the cool, shaded parlor, where the very pretty and devout Miss Mabel Marr was consulting her pastor upon some parish matter.

She thought at first that it was the sharp click, click of Mrs. Postlethwait's heel-irons as she ran briskly down the stairs and poked her head in at the parlor door.

I say poked advisedly, for it was exactly what she did.

She withdrew it, however, quickly enough, and would have stolen noiselessly away, only her husband looked up at that moment, and, in a slightly peremptory tone, called "Hallie!"

She came into the room all over then, bowing courteously to her husband's visitor, and looking inquiringly at him, without, however, offering to sit down.

She wore a dress of neat dark print, and her hair was faultless, nevertheless she felt rather than saw her husband's disapproving glances.

Of a truth, her dark unquiet face and simple morning costume presented a striking contrast to Miss Mabel's delicate patrician features and exquisite toilet.

"Will you bring us some refreshment, Hallie?"

Although there was nothing in his words at which to take exception, yet his wife flushed at the order, given in precisely the tone he would have used had he addressed Bridget.

She left the room, and returned a moment later with a dainty repast of cake, strawberries and cream, which she arranged temptingly upon a little table; then, drawing back: "I have filled your order; is there anything else?"

Miss Marr's delicately-arched eyebrows lifted themselves a trifle superciliously.

The minister's face flushed hotly.

"Nothing, thank you," he answered, and Hallie left the room, closing the door behind her.

As she did so she heard Miss Marr say, in a languid, injured tone:

"Your wife does not like me, Mr. Postlethwait."

Hallie shivered a little, although the day was warm.

She was nervous, unstrung; the world had gone wrong and all the people in it.

That day the dinner was not a success, it lacked dessert entirely, the Rev. Peleg depended upon his dessert, but he made no remark upon its absence.

Afterwards he took his hat and left the house; he did not return until late in the evening.

If he withdrew the light of his countenance from his wife thinking to punish her, he failed lamentably.

Miss Marr, who did not hesitate to say to any one—confidentially, of course—that she was afraid poor, dear Mr. Postlethwait was not quite happy in his domestic relations, was nearer right than a meddlesome, malicious woman is apt to be.

By-and-by others noticed the same thing.

Mrs. Postlethwait was lady-like and pretty, but she was far too exclusive for a minister's wife; she lacked cordiality towards the younger members of society; she took no interest in parish matters; her dress and deportment were not calculated to favorably impress outsiders.

Over and over again was she weighed in the balance of public opinion and found wanting. This, however, did not in the least interfere with the popularity of the Rev. Peleg.

He was pitied, petted and made much of, so anxious were his people to offset the depressing influences of an unhappy home.

A home which daily grew colder and more forbidding in its domestic atmosphere. There were no blossoming plants at its windows, no bird songs in any of its rooms—only a wordless mistress, with a cold, dark face, and untender eyes.

Peleg Postlethwait thought himself a hardly used man; a man of genius and soaring ambition, bound by galling chains of petty tyranny.

He told his wife so time and again, until her chill, contemptuous smile sealed his lips.

She had been such a tender, loving companion, she had worshiped him with such blind and unreasoning devotion, that her silent

scorn stung him as nothing else could have done.

Being his wife she obeyed his slightest wish; being an honest woman, rarely conscientious and above deception, she no longer worshiped or admired the man who, being her husband, yet kept secret and loving fellowship with the loathsome thing underneath the attic eaves.

Day by day Hallie withdrew herself more and more from her husband, his friends, his congregation.

She did not accompany him in his pastoral visits; she was rarely seen by callers at the parsonage.

A few people, remembering the bright-faced, brisk-handed little woman of other days, spoke indulgently of sickness, mental depression, even whispered of a possible taint of insanity.

But by far the greater number held to Miss Marr's openly expressed opinion, that Mrs. Postlethwait was an irritable, exacting woman, whose jealous tyranny would have driven to despair any man less spiritually minded than their beloved pastor.

However depressing his home life may have been, however wearing his home troubles, they were all left outside the church-door.

In the pulpit all trace of trouble dropped from him like a garment.

He stood before his people and preached to them Christ, and him crucified, in such words of loving eloquence that the very coldest among his hearers felt their hearts burn with responsive tenderness.

Every one was moved, carried out of themselves as it were—every one except Hallie; she sat like a stone always, a dull clod, with unseeing eyes and unhearing ears.

One evening the parsonage parlors had been full—young men and maidens, old men and women, had dropped in to see their pastor, and before they left he had offered a prayer.

Hallie, in an upper room, had listened to his feeble, hesitating words. It was in preaching he excelled; he was not gifted in prayer.

After all were gone, she sought and found him alone in the dusk.

His head was bowed upon his hands, his form was shaking with some fierce internal emotion.

She went up to him, put her arms about his neck, drew his head upon her bosom, soothing him, as she might have done a grieving child.

"Peleg! my Peleg!" she cried, "Oh, give it up! give it all up!"

Even as she spoke the man turned white as death.

A horrible dread that for months had overshadowed him, took sudden and tangible shape.

As long as he had believed his wife's coldness and estrangement due to an unreasonable jealous whim, he had borne it with lofty resignation.

Now he clung to her, even as a drowning man might.

"My sin has found me out," he muttered, with quivering lips; then, "You cannot betray me; Hallie! Hallie! you are my wife!"

She looked in his face, and read there no sorrow, no repentance, not even remorse, only craven fear.

She put his clinging arms aside; for the moment she was the stronger of the two.

"I the Lord thy God am a jealous God," said she, slowly, sadly.

Then, with the solemn words ringing in his ears, he found himself alone.

Hallie, his sweet wife Hallie, was gone; she who for years had borne with angelic patience, his fault finding, his careless neglect, had separated herself from him as far as the heavens are from the earth; had asserted her own pure self at last.

This knowledge changed the man.

He no longer hinted darkly at unknown trials; he no longer sought the society, the tender womanly sympathy of Miss Marr; he became the most domestic of men.

Even his preaching partook of the changed character of his life; not that he gave less time or care to the preparation of his sermons; not that they lacked depth or feeling, but his delivery seemed hesitating—sometimes almost painfully so—and if for a moment he forgot himself, and dropped back into his old-time earnest eloquence, his eyes would invariably fall upon the stony face of his wife, his tongue would falter, his lips almost refuse to speak.

"She is killing him!" Miss Marr would cry, with tearful vehemence; "she is killing him by inches," and many believed her.

The skeleton under the parson's attic eaves was making itself felt all over the parish, yet no one was wise enough to judge of its shape from the clatter of its bones.

Hallie well knew that in most eyes it wore the guise of her own unhappy self.

This knowledge, the constant companionship, the horror of the thing itself, was wearing out her very life.

Her dreams were full of it, her days were a weariness and her nights brought no rest.

Oh, those weary nights!—full of grim fantasies, dim and endless.

What wonder that when she woke from one with a sudden start it took her moments to realize that the lurid glare, the hoarse shouts, the heavy whirling vapors, were not a part and parcel of her troubled dream?

In the first quick terror of the moment, all else was forgotten; she saw her husband beside her, helping, guiding her from danger to safety, and she leaned upon him, trusted him as in the old, happy days.

The parsonage was doomed; the fire had made grand headway before its discovery. Now, in spite of ready and willing hands, the great flames leaped triumphantly from every wall and window.

The people stood back and watched, among them the pastor and his wife.

She was eager, excited, utterly glad at their escape from a terrible death; from childhood she had been singularly afraid of fire, and this was the nearest it had ever touched her.

He was pale, silent, utterly distraught; looking in his face, she read what others could

not see—the shadow of disgrace, the fear and anguish of irreparable loss.

Then in the sight of all she flung her arms about his neck and kissed him—once—twice.

Before he could stop her, before any one even divined her intention, she had darted forward and the flaming building had swallowed her. Her husband would have followed, but strong arms held him back.

"She is mad!" whispered one and another with white lips.

"She is not mad, I tell you!" cried the minister; "she is the best wife God ever gave to man!"

Then, carried away by his excitement, his thin white hands doubled themselves into knotted fists, and struck out manfully, sledge-hammer blows, right and left, upon the devoted heads of his captors.

Pugilism was a new departure for the Rev. Peleg, but no one thought any the less of him on that account.

Just then came a loud, vibrant crash of breaking timbers.

A hoarse, despairing cry broke from the crowd.

The minister ceased to struggle, and threw himself upon his knees.

A half-dozen young men, crazed with excitement, dashed towards the burning building, but the fierce heat drove them back cowed and helpless.

Then the front wall of the building curved outward, trembled, fell with a crash; a great sheet of flame shot upward, and through it all could see a blazing skeleton interior, but no trace of Hallie.

"It is all over with her," said Deacon Nesmeth. "God forgive us if we have judged the poor lamb hardly."

Even as he spoke a smoking, flame-flecked figure broke from a tiny shed at the rear of the building, ran blindly a half dozen steps and fell. Many tender hands lifted her, the flaming garments were quickly extinguished, and in five minutes she lay scorched, quivering, but conscious, on Mrs. Nesmeth's cool white bed.

Even then she held tightly clasped in her cracked and bleeding hands a bundle, securely covered by the blackened flakes of a thick blanket, which she had wrapped about her in her desperate venture.

This she gave her husband carefully, requesting that it be locked in an adjacent closet.

Not until this was done and the key safely under her own pillow, did she seem to realize at all the extent of her injuries.

The knowledge came soon enough, however; long days and nights of pain and darkness lay before her.

For a time she never mentioned even to her husband the mysterious bundle which had so nearly cost her life.

But one evening when he sat beside her bed, telling of a beautiful wrapper which the ladies of the parish had sent her, and of an elegant suit of broadcloth for himself which had accompanied the gift, she turned her head, saying bitterly, "I have given them more than that."

Then she handed him the key which she had guarded so jealously all the time, with a little pitiful gesture towards the locked closet door. He brought the bundle, burned and blackened, to the bedside.

"Shall I open them?" he questioned.

She nodded. He slowly tore apart the strange, mysterious thing; until it fell to the floor with the old familiar rustle he had no idea of its contents.

He sprang to his feet with a cry; there lay the skeleton of the parsonage, the thing which had blighted his life, which had alienated his wife, which had crowned him with numberless undeserved, unmerited honors.

He looked at it earnestly; then at Hallie, lying bound and helpless, swathed and bandaged from head to foot.

Then he gathered it up and slowly, deliberately placed it upon the smoldering ashes in the grate.

Hallie lay speechless, but shaking all over like a leaf.

A bright glare filled the room, the sharp crackling of burning papers, strange fiery characters blazed into sudden light, and one name repeated itself over and over again, in strong, bright lines of flame.

The Rev. Peleg Postlethwait watched with bowed head and folded hands until the last visible reminder of his guilt had fallen into dull, gray ashes.

Long ago a kinsman, dying across the sea, had sent to his aged mother a great box of goodly manuscript.

All her life she had treasured them lovingly, sacredly; after her death they fell into less tender hands, were carried about here and there, packed away, forgotten.

In one of his rare visits to his far-western home, the Rev. Peleg had stumbled across them; and for years, out of the fullness of another's heart, his lips had spoken.

The rich and ripe experiences of an ended life had ministered to his worldly prosperity.

He turned to his wife and fell upon his knees beside her.

"They are gone," said he, "all gone. What you periled your life to save I have destroyed, and I, the chief of sinners, will never stand before God or man, as teacher or preacher again."

He covered his face; she felt his strong sobs shake the bed she lay upon; she was almost glad that her eyes could not see the deep, humiliation into which the man she so loved had fallen.

Then she laid her hand, soft as the benediction of an angel, upon his bowed head.

"Peleg! my Peleg!" said she, with tenderness unutterable, "you have made me glad tonight. I am happy!—so happy!—do not make me weep, for tears are like hot iron to my poor eyes."

He controlled himself instantly, and soon after she fell asleep her hand tightly clasped in his.

There was great sorrow in the community when it was known that Peleg Postlethwait would never preach again.

"I knew that woman would ruin him, even if she had to half kill herself to do it," said Miss Marr, spitefully.

But Mr. Postlethwait, in the brilliant and useful career which afterwards opened before him, believed that the beautiful, faithful woman whom he called wife had been his salvation.

## "THE FACE AT THE WINDOW."

OUR illustration on the front page depicts an incident of only too frequent occurrence in the life of settlers on the frontiers of civilization, where remnants of the savage Indian tribes still roam unchallenged, and indulge their barbarous instincts with little let or hindrance. "The Face at the Window" suggests to the afflicted mother and her little flock of children all the horrors of Indian brutality; and it will be fortunate indeed for the menaced inmates of the cabin if its natural defender—the husband and father—shall appear in time to prevent the butchery of which the malignant eyes embody a prophecy.

## THE ASSASSINATIONS IN IRELAND

THE assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, the Under Secretary, on the 6th of May, has engrossed public attention in this country as well as in Great Britain and on the Continent during the past week. The boldness of the crime becomes more remarkable the more the facts in the case are developed. Lord Cavendish had only arrived in Dublin on the day he was murdered. About noon he rode through the streets in the train of the Lord Lieutenant, amid the enthusiastic shouts and cheers of thousands of spectators. At one o'clock he stood in the Council Chamber of Dublin Castle, repeating slowly and solemnly after the clerk the words of the official oath. He kissed the Testament and signed the register. Under Secretary Burke was there in court costume, and his duty was to read the Queen's letter directing the sword of state to be handed to Earl Spencer, the new Lord Lieutenant. After the ceremony the Chief Secretary went to his apartment and remained there till six o'clock. He then left the castle and proceeded on foot to the Chief Secretary's lodge in the Park. Half an hour later Mr. Burke left the Castle, overtook Lord Frederick at the Park gate, and both walked along the main road through the Park. (Our diagram shows all the points in the scene.) When they were within one hundred yards of the Phoenix Monument, they were attacked by four men, who jumped from a car which hurriedly drove up. Several persons saw the encounter at a little distance, but supposed it was only an ordinary scuffle. Two bicyclists happened to be passing the spot where the tragedy occurred. They saw the assassins strike their victims, and heard Lord Frederick Cavendish cry out, "Ah, you villain!" to his assailant, who then stabbed him again. Lord Frederick fell over against the bicycle of one of the men, who started to his assistance; but the murderers, with bloody knives, made towards him, and both of the bicyclists thereupon got away as fast as possible. They saw the car on the road waiting for the murderers. The driver's back was turned. They saw a man stab Lord Frederick Cavendish in the back as he lay on the ground.

One of the bicyclists immediately started for the police, while the other returned to the scene of the murder as soon as the car had driven off with the men. He found that both Lord Frederick and Mr. Burke were already dead. The post-mortem examination of the bodies showed eleven wounds on Mr. Burke and eight on Lord Frederick Cavendish. The chief wound on the former was inflicted from behind, penetrating the heart, and on the latter the chief wound was also inflicted from behind, severing an important artery in the neck. One wound on Lord Frederick Cavendish's left forearm had severed the muscles and fractured the bone. Appearances indicate that Lord Frederick lost his life in trying to save Mr. Burke. At the inquest held in Dublin, medical evidence was given to the effect that the victims had apparently been stabbed simultaneously from before and behind with long bowie knives. The wounds all appeared to have been inflicted with exactly similar weapons. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

The body of Mr. Burke was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery on May 9th. Crowds of people lined the streets along the route of the funeral. Nearly all the shops were closed, and mourning was worn by many people. The Queen telegraphed a message of condolence to the family of Mr. Burke.

The body of Lord Frederick Cavendish was removed by special boat and train to Chatsworth House, the country seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and the interment took place in the family vault in the Edensor village church on the 11th instant. The Queen sent a special messenger with a wreath for the coffin, composed of yellow and white everlasting flowers, and having a card attached with the inscription, "From Queen Victoria." A letter of condolence addressed to Lady Frederick Cavendish accompanied the wreath. An Irishwoman of London sent a wreath of flowers to be placed on the coffin.

Many of the dead man's colleagues in Parliament and private friends of the nobleman traveled in a special train from London in order to be present at the mournful ceremonies, including the speaker of the House of Commons, all the members of the Ministry except Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain and Sir William V. Harcourt. Of the general public, it is estimated that the attendance numbered thirty thousand. People lined the route of the funeral procession for more than a mile.

The Duke of Devonshire followed the hearse, looking bowed and careworn. The Marquis of Hartington and Lord Edward Cavendish, walking a pace or two behind, were followed by Mr. Gladstone, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Earl Granville, and members of both branches of the Legislature to the number of three hundred. It was noticed that the Home Rule members were well represented. When the grave was reached, the Duke of Devonshire, who was much affected, stood by the widow, while the Marquis of Hartington stoically repressed his emotion. It was plain that it cost him much effort to subdue his grief. Mr. Gladstone was very pale, and many of the old Parliamentary friends of the deceased Chief Secretary wept like children.

As soon as the crime was announced the authorities set on foot measures to apprehend the murderers. The Lord Lieutenant has issued a proclamation, offering a reward of £10,000 for such information as shall lead to the conviction of the assassins, £1,000 being offered for such private information as shall lead to the same result, and a free pardon to any accomplice not actually engaged in the perpetration of the crime who may give similar information, together with a special protection in any part of Her Majesty's dominions. Several rewards have been offered from America, including \$5,000 by the Land League of San Francisco. The police made a large number of arrests in different places in Ireland, but in almost every instance the suspected parties were able to account satisfactorily for their movements on the day of the tragedy, and were soon discharged. Among those thus arrested and released was an American named Heybourne. The Dublin police made an inspection of all the cars and drivers in the city without iden-



stifying the vehicle used by the murderers. Three men were arrested in County Meath, who had blood-stains upon their clothes and could not account for their whereabouts at the time of the murders. It is stated that, as Right Hon. Michael Morris, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was walking with a friend in Phoenix Park a few minutes after the murders were committed, and before they knew of them, a rough-looking man said to the Lord Chief Justice: "The Chief and Under Secretary have been murdered. You are the next man spotted."

The news of the crime was received with horror everywhere. The Land League issued a manifesto, signed by Parnell, Dillon and Davitt, expressing the earnest hope "that the attitude and action of the Irish people will show to the world that an assassination such as has startled us almost to the abandonment of hope of our country's future is deeply and religiously abhorrent to their every feeling and instinct." The manifesto concludes as follows: "We feel that no act that has ever been perpetrated in our country during the exciting struggles of the past fifty years has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger, and that until the murderers of Cavendish and Burke are brought to justice that stain will sully our country's name." A similar feeling was manifested among Irishmen in this country, and many branches of the Land League adopted resolutions condemning the crime.

A letter written by Michael Davitt to the London Standard, in which he reviews the situation in Ireland at some length, is attracting some attention as expressing the sentiment of the better class of Irish patriots. We give a single extract:

"If, in the hot blood of early manhood, smarting under the cruelties and indignities perpetrated in Ireland, I saw appeal to force the only means of succoring her, upon my graver thought in the bitter solitude of a felon's cell, a nobler vision appeared, a dream of the enfranchisement and fraternization of the peoples and of the conquering of hate by justice. I have suffered by their power, but there is in my heart to-day no sentiment of bitterness towards the English people. The gospel of the land for the people is a universal gospel. In its triumph is involved the social regeneration of England as clearly as that of Ireland. If you would find a *modus vivendi* between the English and Irish, it is easy. Treat us as equals, treat us as men. Willingly will I go to Ireland and do whatever I can

Parliament for Tynemouth soon after his arrival, as a Liberal. He soon came into prominence, and in 1868 he was made Civil Lord of the Admiralty, but resigned in 1870 "on a point of conscience connected with the Government Education Bill." He was rewarded for his allegiance to Mr. Gladstone by being appointed Secretary to the Admiralty on the formation of the new Government two years ago. Mr. Trevelyan is well known as an author. In 1876 he published "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," a book that was very cordially criticized. His last work is "The Youth of Fox," which appeared a short time ago.

Earl Spencer, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has held the position twice before. He was born October 27th, 1835, and married in 1858 Charlotte Frances Frederick, third daughter of Frederick Seymour (fifth son of Lord Hugh Seymour), who is one of the most beautiful women in England. He was first appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1869, and made a creditable record in that position. He is not a man of great brilliancy or force, and his selection, like that of Lord Frederick Cavendish for Chief Secretary, was generally taken to indicate that Mr. Gladstone himself designed to hold a close rein over the new administration of affairs in Ireland.

#### Started in Life by a Monkey.

MEHEMED RUSCHDI PASHA, the ex-Grand Vizier of Turkey, who died recently in poverty and banishment, was of humble parentage, like so many eminent Turkish dignitaries, and owed his original start in life to the following curious incident: When he was a young infantry corporal, in the days of Sultan Mahmoud, some ladies of the Imperial harem, while shopping in Pera one morning after their wont, were greatly attracted by the quaint antics of a monkey capering at a window of the Grand Rue. On their return to the palace they brought their lord so importunately to give them the animal for a pet, that His Majesty ordered one of the household to procure it for them without delay. This official, however, finding upon inquiry that the ape belonged to a French subject, hesitated to take possession of it. Sultan Mahmoud was an unflinching stickler for the capitulations, and upon being referred to in the matter, at once commanded that negotiations should be opened with the monkey's proprietor for its purchase. Not a soul in the

granted him the honor of a soldier's death, and changed the sentence from hanging to that of shooting. A platoon of infantry was drawn up, and Suchanoff bound to a post at fifteen paces distant. Beside him stood two or three clergymen, the patriarch presenting the cross which the doomed man kissed reverently ere his eyes were blindfolded for ever. Then, while chanting, the official dropped his handkerchief as a signal to the firing party, and in a second the bleeding body of the ill-fated criminal hung limp and lifeless to the stake.

#### The Trial of MacLean.

The trial of Roderick MacLean for shooting at Queen Victoria, resulted, as has already been stated, in the acquittal of the prisoner on the ground of insanity. The trial, which took place at the Reading Assizes, April 19th, before Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, was conducted with a good deal of pomp. There was a great crowd of spectators in the galleries and on the floor below, with a large number of ladies, many of whom carried or wore bouquets of primroses in memory of the late Lord Beaconsfield, that day being the anniversary of his death. The prisoner made a wretched figure in the dock, looking feeble, worn and unhealthy, and dressed in a dingy gray overcoat.

#### The Falls of the Rhine.

The Black Forest in Germany is every year attracting more and more the attention of tourists who are penetrating its depths and becoming familiar with its many natural charms. Pedestrians, especially, find the valley of the Rhine, off the beaten routes of travel, full of attractions. Our illustration of the Falls of the Rhine at Neuenhausen shows one of the many charming views which greet the explorer at almost every turn.

#### The New Palm House at Schonbrunn.

The palace at Schonbrunn, the favorite residence of the Austrian Imperial family, situated three miles from Vienna, boasts a series of the most magnificent and extensive gardens, of which the worthy Viennese are exceedingly proud. These gardens run from the rear of the palace and are free to the public. They are maintained at great expense, and have been in great repute since Napoleon I. visited the palace, when they were enlarged and embellished at an almost fabulous cost. The more recent addition to this terrestrial paradise is a leviathan palm-house capable of giving house-room to

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—OVER 3,000 employes of the Cleveland (O.) Rolling Mill Company are out on a strike.

—THE Russian Senate has decided that the decree banishing Jewish apothecaries is illegal.

—THE circus riders of the Paris Hippodrome have determined to "strike" for higher wages.

—A HURRICANE killed eight people and wounded forty others at MacAllister, Indian Territory, last week.

—A RECEPTION was given at the Capitol in Washington the other evening for the benefit of the Garfield Memorial Hospital Fund, which netted about \$5,000.

—SENATORS CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, and Mahone, of Virginia, are investing in real estate and water-power at Weldon, N. C., where they propose to build extensive car works and a large cotton factory.

—CHICAGO is becoming the greatest distributing point for sewing machines in America. A branch office of a single company sold over fifteen hundred machines in one day recently.

—OWING to several recent attempts at incendiarism in Winnipeg, Manitoba, one hundred special policemen have been sworn in to patrol the streets and a vigilance committee organized.

—THE lower House of the Louisiana Legislature has adopted a memorial to Congress, asking the Federal Government to take charge of the levees, and acknowledging the assistance already received.

—A GEORGIA murderer, who was sentenced to be hanged on June 30th, objected to swinging the same day with Gaiteau, and the obliging judge therefore changed the date of his execution to the 29th.

—A SERIES of joint reunions of the veterans of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia have been arranged to fix historical points for the Government history of the battle of Gettysburg.

—THE Pennsylvania railroad is going to have manholes cut in the roofs of its baggage and mail cars, through which an escape may be effected when the doors and passageways are blocked by trunks or freight.

—THE drought in France and Germany still continues. The level of the Seine has never been so low since 1734, and the French engineers are trying to find protection against the calamity threatened if rain does not soon come.

—THERE is increased activity on the part of railroad companies in Japan, and a fair prospect of a line from Yokohama to Kioto in two years, certainly of important branch lines from Tokio and Kioto to rich, productive districts in the interior.

—THE Louisiana Legislature for the first time since the war met at Baton Rouge last week, that city having been designated in the Constitution of 1879 as the capital, and the State-house there, which was burned during the war, having been rebuilt.

—ANOTHER suicide by leaping from the Column Vendôme in Paris has just occurred—the third within a few months. The last victim was a youth of about twenty, well dressed, but without any card or scrap of writing in his pockets by which he might have been identified.

—WINDSOR CASTLE will soon be lighted by electricity. Experiments have been proceeding for some time, and it has been determined that the quadrangle shall be lighted with Maxim incandescent lamps, while in all probability an arc light will be fixed at the top of the Round Tower.

—A BRAVE little fellow in Philadelphia, playing in the yard and seeing his smaller sister falling from the third-story window, placed himself directly beneath to break the fall. His presence of mind and courage saved the little girl from a terrible death, while he escaped with only a slight bruise.

—It is said that the Spanish Government will introduce in the Cortes a Bill providing for the establishment of oral and public, instead of written and secret, procedure in the law courts. The Bill is intended as a preliminary step to the institution of trial by jury. The Democrats and influential Liberals advocate the latter.

—THE Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States, the headquarters of which is located in Philadelphia, has given notice of its willingness to purchase cocoons from all parts of the country. Many persons in the South and West have raised cocoons, but have been unable hitherto to find a market for their product.

—THE annual campaign against the locusts in the island of Cyprus has begun. The reward offered by the Government last year resulted in the collection and destruction of more than 1,200 tons of eggs, and yet the campaign was considered a comparative failure, owing to the provoking indifference of agriculturists to the work of extermination.

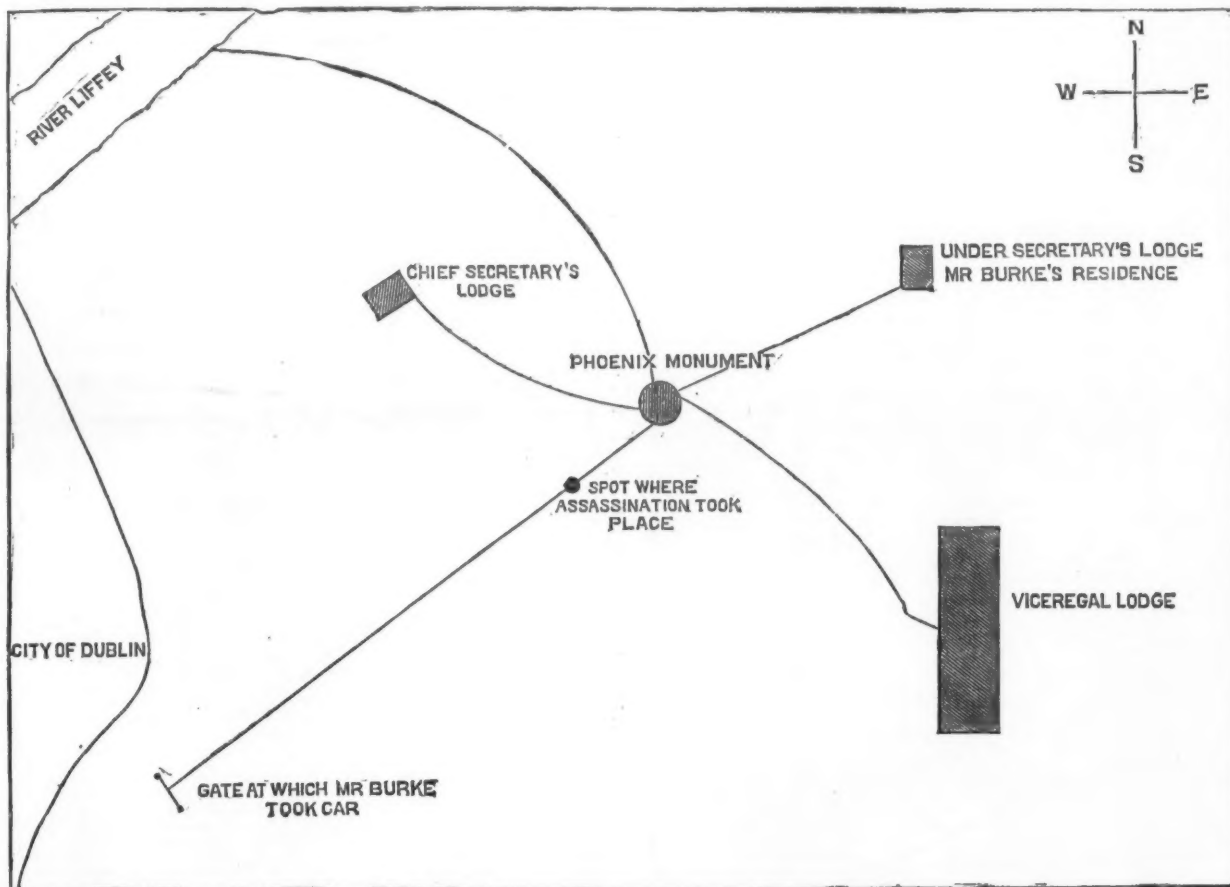
—QUEEN VICTORIA has lost her farm manager, Mr. Tait, who died at the Shaw farm a short time ago, at the age of sixty-six. He had had for twenty-four years the management of the royal farm, in the Home Park and the Prince Consort's Shaw farm, while since 1880 the care of the Flemish farm in Windsor Great Park had been confided to him.

—NORTHFIELD, Minn., is excited over two attempts to blow up buildings with infernal machines. The first was made in a public hall where a large audience was present, but the machine missed fire. A few evenings later a box of explosives was placed in the basement of a doctor's office, but nobody was hurt. Some citizens connect these acts of devilry with the raids once made by the James and Younger brothers.

—KING KALAKAUA sent to New Bedford, Mass., to have a boat built which he expects to use in running between the Sandwich Islands. The boat is sharp at both ends, like a whale-boat, thirty-two feet long, five feet eight inches breadth and two feet six inches deep. It is of beautiful model, constructed of white oak and cedar, and thoroughly copper-fastened. There are six thwarts and the boat will be propelled by twelve oars, double-banked, and a log sail seventeen feet long on the foot and twenty-two feet high.

—THE War Department has decided to abandon the old military post at Rouse's Point, N. Y., and the people of the neighboring village of Plattsburg desire to preserve the remains of the forts occupied by the New York and Vermont Militia during the great battle of September 11th, 1814, which stand within the reservation, and to dedicate the ground as a park in the name of Commodore McDonough. Congressman Hammond has introduced a Bill providing that the reservation shall be given to the village for this purpose.

—LAFAYETTE College, at Easton, Pa., celebrated its fiftieth birthday on the 9th instant. The entire number of students matriculated during its history is 2,935, and of these over 900 have been graduated. Of the graduates 252 entered the ministry, 267 law, 102 medicine, 92 engineering, 99 teaching, 18 became editors, and 51 merchants. Of the non-graduates 139 entered the ministry, 209 law, 211 medicine, 303 mercantile life, 121 engineering and railroad, 45 became bankers, and 30 editors. The occupation of fully 250 is unknown.



THE SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATIONS IN PHOENIX PARK.

to further the peaceful doctrines I have always advocated; but I am confident that nothing I could do or say would strike as effectually as the feeling of horror which was sent through Ireland at the slaughter of the innocent and inoffensive Englishmen under circumstances which lent to the black deed every possible attribute of atrocity."

Parliament met on the evening of May 8th, when Mr. Gladstone announced the sad news and moved an adjournment until the 11th, which was carried. Mr. George Otto Trevelyan has been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Hamilton, permanent secretary to the Admiralty, will take Mr. Burke's place for six months.

Lord Frederick Cavendish was a son of the Duke of Devonshire, and was born at Compton Place, the charming Sussex seat of the Cavendishes, on the 26th of November, 1835. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge—his father's *alma mater*—and was destined for a diplomatic career. In 1859 he became Private Secretary to Lord Granville, and served in that capacity until 1864, when he married the Hon. Lucy Caroline, the second daughter of Lord Lyttelton, and settled down to a comparatively quiet life. He was soon elected to Parliament as member for the Northwest Riding, and on the last accession to power of the Liberals he was appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury. He seldom made a set speech, but when he spoke, he was sure of being listened to with attention. Both he and his wife were popular in London, and were also great favorites with their country tenants.

Thomas Henry Burke, Under Secretary for Ireland, was a son of the late William Burke, Esq., of Knocknagur, County Galway. He was heir presumptive to Sir John Lionel Burke, Bart., and was born on the 29th of May, 1829. The duties of an Under Secretary are not such as to bring his name prominently before the public, but Mr. Burke's strict fidelity has been vouched for by all the Chief Secretaries under whom he has served.

George Otto Trevelyan, the new Chief Secretary, is the son and heir of Charles Edward Trevelyan, Bart., K. C. B., ex-Governor of Madras, a great authority on India and an advocate of civil service reform. His mother was a sister of Lord Macaulay. He was born on the 20th of July, 1838, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, and was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge. His uncle, Lord Macaulay, was warmly attached to him, and took an affectionate interest in his welfare. In October, 1862, his father was appointed Financial Minister in India, and he accompanied him as his private secretary. After his father's resignation in 1865, he returned to England and was elected to

Imperial household understood French; but the ladies were impatient to possess the object of their heart's desire, and worried the Sultan accordingly. What was to be done? All of a sudden a happy thought struck the Chief Imam, who had by accident noticed a young corporal of the Palace Guard some days previously studying a French vocabulary while on duty. Mehemed Ruschdi was sent for, and, having been intrusted with plenary powers to deal with the monkey-owning Giaour, acquitted himself so successfully of his mission that Mahmoud resolved to reward him in person, and caused him to be summoned to the presence. "Thou hast done well, my son," said the Khalifah, as Mehemed Ruschdi prostrated himself on the carpet at his feet. "I will recompense thee with 5,000 piastres or the rank of himbashi (major) in my army, whichever thou wilt. Choose for thyself." The young soldier, without an instant's hesitation, chose the promotion offered to him. Such was the commencement of a career that culminated in his occupancy of the highest office in the Ottoman Empire. Kismet!

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### A Hindoo Funeral in Singapore.

An artist who recently visited Singapore thus describes a Kling or Hindoo funeral scene in the Hindoo quarter of the city: "The scene was that of a bier being decorated by the priests in front of a house. It was a pretty sight, as it was ornamented profusely with flags, plantain leaves, flowers and colored paper. A large crowd of friends and others stood about, while the mourners, one of whom is represented on the right of the picture with an umbrella under his arm, visited the deceased."

##### A Nihilist Execution.

One of the most prominent of the wretches who have been endeavoring to assassinate the Emperor Alexander III., Suchanoff, was recently brought to trial, the evidence against him being overwhelming. He was accorded the ablest counsel, and was defended with consummate ability, but he was found guilty and sentenced to death. This sentence was carried out in the vicinity of the grim fortress of Cronstadt. In the early gray of the morning Suchanoff was conveyed from St. Petersburg, Admiral Kusensstein in command, clad in a long overcoat that reached almost to his feet. The Emperor

almost every species of that graceful and well known dweller of the tropics. This superb palm house is built of iron and glass, and is constructed upon the newest and most approved principle of acclimatization. It is one hundred and eleven metres long, twenty-five broad, and twenty-eight high. The Emperor and Empress were both intensely interested in its construction, and have expressed themselves in every way satisfied.

#### The Royal Wedding.

The wedding of His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany and the Princess Helena of Waldeck, which was solemnized on April 27th, was an occasion of great interest in British society. We have already described the event in our news columns, and need only refer in this connection to a few of the accessories. There were eight bridesmaids: Lady Esmyntrude Russell, the youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford; Lady Mary Campbell, sixth daughter of the Duke of Argyll; Lady Jane Seymour, third daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Conyngham; Lady Alexandrina Louisa Maud Vane-Tempest, only daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry; Lady Florence Beatrice Anson, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield; Lady Eva Sarah Louisa Grosvenor, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Warwick; Lady Anna Catharine Sibyl Lindsay, sister of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres; and Lady Florence May Bootle-Wilbraham, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lathom. The royal bride cake was built in three tiers; it rose from a gold stand to a height of six feet, and weighed two hundred and twenty-four pounds. At the base were swans and dolphins swimming in imitation water, with seaweed introduced. The first tier was ornamented with four medallion groups—Europe, Asia, Africa and America—separated by pillars, on which were painted the lily upon satin. On the pillars were vases, filled with floral emblems of the United Kingdom, and Cupids reading supported a figure of Literature. The second tier was octagonal in form. Medallions bore the arms of England and Waldeck and Pyrmont, and the royal monograms. On pillars were orange-blossoms and trophies of Love, while Cupids showered imitation water on flowers. The third tier bore a fountain with doves, encircled with ornamental pillars festooned with wedding favors, and the whole was surmounted with an elegantly-shaped vase containing a bouquet of choice flowers. Many of the ornaments were designed after those upon the Albert Memorial, Kensington.



Christmas was again celebrated with a mad wagger, and poor Jerome Collins wrote an occasional poem brimful of tender pathos, egotism and wit. This was the last enter-

January, 1881, was unusually mild, and southeast winds prevailing. The ship steadily drifted to the northwest. Careful observations detected her progress to be from three to twelve miles a day. February was cold, fearfully cold. Scurvy again made its appearance owing to the absence of fresh meat—game being woefully scarce—and tonics and stimulants were freely administered. On the 17th of May came the joyous cry of "Land!" but what a land!—snow-covered ice. This was the first land seen since March 24th, 1880. This inhospitable shore proved to be an island, and will be known as Jeannette Island in time to come, having been named after the doomed ship.

On May 25th the ice was found to be open in long lanes, through which the boats could sail for several miles, but the ship was in a vise—in the jaws of a monster that refused to let go its prey. On this same date another island was discovered. An exploring party landed on the evening of June 3d, who hoisted the Stars and Stripes and—oh, empty ceremony!—took possession in the name of the United States. Henceforth this piece of stationary ice will be known as Henrietta Island.

All hopes of the widening of the ice ceased, as it was perceived that the lanes were becoming narrower, and that young ice was forming. The ship still drifted to the northwest. On the 10th of June the Jeannette experienced several very severe shocks, but on the next day she was afloat once more in blue water. Hope burst into blossom, and joy was in every heart and on every face. But the glad blue waters were only open for a single day, for the ice slowly and surely began to close about



"LEAVE YE ALL HOPE BEHIND WHO ENTER HERE."

thousand yards to the west they got another October. Before green anemones, and was deer. Here Erikson, accompanied, and was buried in the river. The captain now decided upon sending Noros and Nindemann, ahead. The food had been exhausted, the party existing on brandy. Divine service was said. "If you find game," were his last words, "then return to us; if you do not, then go to Kunak Surka." Noros thus describes their parting: "The captain read Divine service before we left. All the men shook hands with us, and most of them had tears in their eyes. Collins was the last. He simply said: 'Noros, when you get to New York remember me.' "They seemed to have lost hope, but as we left, they gave us three cheers. We told them we would do all that we could do, and that; was the last we saw of them." The two men traveled slowly. They shot one grouse and caught an eel. They made tea from the bark of the Arctic willow, and ate portions of their skin breeches and the soles of their moccasins. On the 25th they encountered natives, who shared their miserable food with the starved men. On the ghastly fate of Captain De Long and his heroic comrades, it would be but too painful to dwell. They died like Christian heroes, and their sufferings and heroism will ever cast a ray of glory over the dark and desolate pages of Arctic exploration. It has been sadly said of them that they suffered nobly and died like men—dared much and did their best will be the verdict of the world on the dead commander and his gallant companions.



A SAD PARTING ON THE BANKS OF THE LENA.—NINDEMANN AND NOROS SENT FORWARD IN SEARCH OF SUCCOR FOR DE LONG AND HIS PARTY  
THE TRAGEDIES OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.



## THE TRAGEDIES OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

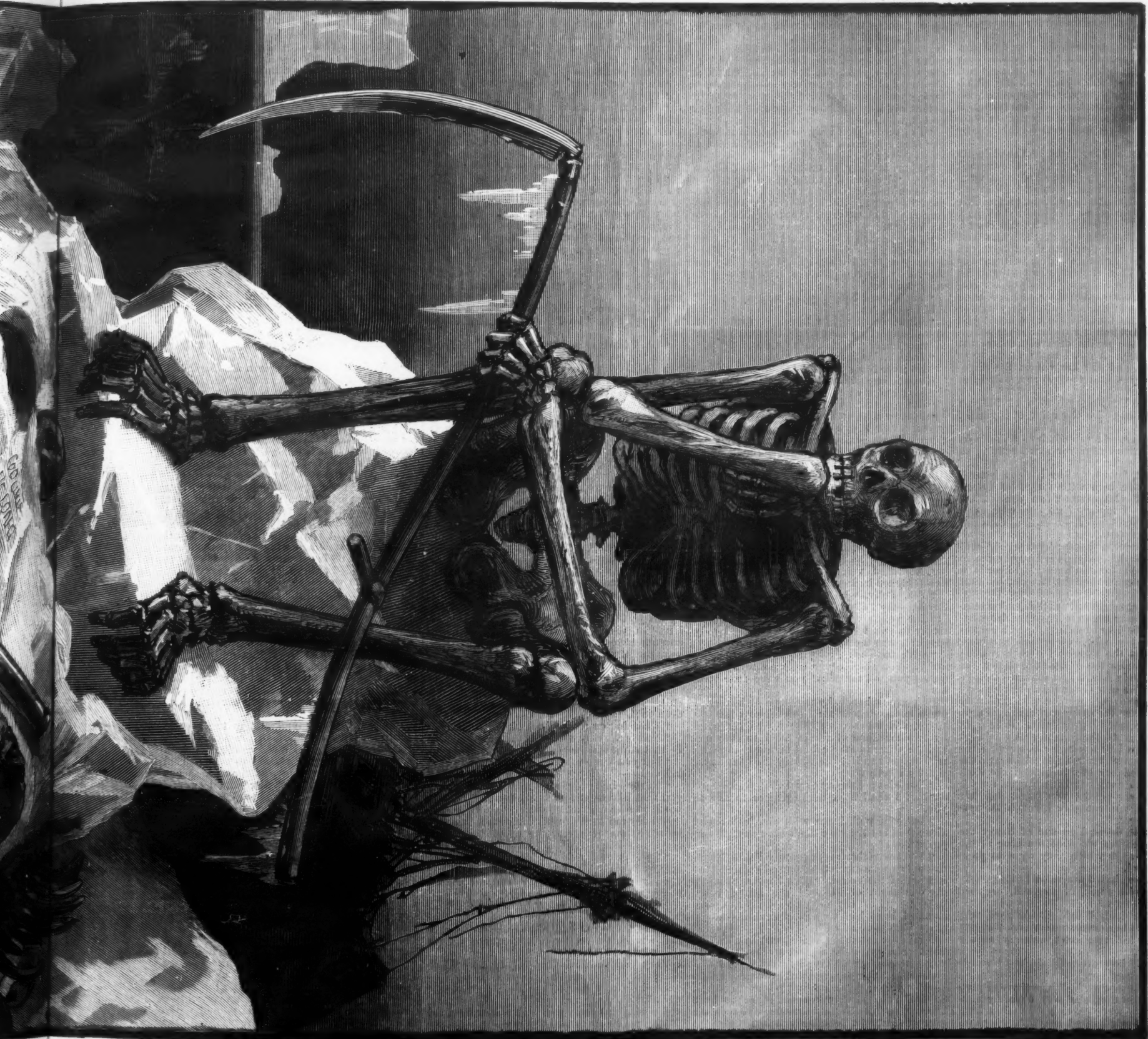
THE sad, soul-sickening story of human endurance, heroism and suffering has been told, and the awful, awful worst is known. Noble men, Christian heroes, have gone down to a horrible death, to the lingering despair that gazes at hollow-eyed famine, to the unendurable tortures of starvation and misery and cold. The laudable thirst for name and fame and glory induced them to embark in an enterprise fraught with deadliest peril—an enterprise which, if successful, could bring but so little of fame, and whose highest glory has been won through the icy gates of death.

On the glorious afternoon of the 8th of July, 1879, the ill-fated *Jeanette* dipped her ensign to the salute from the fort at the Golden Gate as she passed out to her doom. On board all was life, and hope, and eager joy. The spirit of adventure stood at fever heat, and the hearts of that devoted crew were those of heroes resolved upon doing or dying. All went merry as a marriage bell, and the good ship stood out to sea, carrying with her the love of many, and the good wishes of the entire civilized world.

On the 2d of August, Unalakpa was made, and at St. Michael's, Alaska, dogs were purchased, and two Indians taken on board. On the 29th the fatal Arctic Ocean was entered, and a landing at Serdze Kamen attempted. On the 31st, in Kotlichin Bay, traces of the Nordenskjöld expedition were found. On Thursday, September 4th, Herald Island was sighted, and, later, Wrangell Land, and here were shot the first seal and the first bear. Early in November the implacable ice strengthened its grip, until every timber in the *Jeanette* groaned as if in mortal agony.

On Christmas Day, that gracious and halcyon time, the explorers held high festival, and the New Year's dinner was destined to be one of their last feasts on earth. In January, '80, the "rips" became more frequent and more dangerous, and the pumps were going day and night. On February 1st the *Jeanette* was fifty miles northwest of Herald Island, and about the same distance from Wrangell Land. Washington's Birthday was celebrated by dressing the ship, and again was she dressed on the 4th—the glorious Fourth of July. In May, the midnight sun enabled the explorers to read in the cabin without lamp or candle. The ice commenced to waste and showers fell, while in July and August the crew hunted, and the dogs sought the shade of the ship in order to sleep. The ice was now divided into lanes, and hope that springs eternal in the human breast, blossomed in the hearts of the crew of the *Jeanette*. September 6th, 1880, however, found the ship firmly embedded in ice eight feet thick, so that the bows were lifted, and the whole ship held in a gigantic vise. A journey over the rugged ice, piled up in every direction, was a terrible undertaking to face, yet it was calmly discussed, for the dreaded scourge of scurvy was looming up, while the ship was in instant danger of being crushed in like an eggshell by the fast-closing remorseless foe, that growled and roared like some savage monster thirsting for blood.

Christmas was again celebrated with a mad wagging, and poor Jerome Collins wrote an occasional poem brimful of tender pathos, sparkle and wit. This was the last entertain-



the ship, heaving her so that she lay 23 degrees out of her proper position, and, as if to torture before destroying her, would relax the pressure till she almost righted again, never, however, totally letting go the death clutch. And now came the crisis—the dreaded order that the ship must be abandoned. The one chance for dear life was to leave the *Jeanette* and trust to the ghastly ice. On the afternoon of Saturday, June 11th, the last meal was eaten on board. Some five hours were consumed in removing from the ship all that could be possibly carried on sledges over the ice. A camp was formed at a safe distance from the vessel, and at four o'clock on the morning of Monday, June 13th, the *Jeanette* went down with a crash. All that remained of her was a cabin chair and a few pieces of wood.

On June 17th commenced that awful retreat whose narrative is one of the most harrowing in the annals of human endurance and human suffering. The party numbered thirty-four, and were furnished with five sleds, three boats mounted on sleds, tents, provisions, and other supplies. At six o'clock on the evening of June 17th they set out on their ghastly tramp. The course was south, but before they struck the delta of the Lena they were carried about by winds and waves, buffeted hither and thither, traveling over a line that was many hundreds of miles longer than if they had been able to keep on a meridian. Sickness did not appall them, nor did quarter rations and hunger damp their courage, nor did the cold cramp their energies. Two-thirds only of the devoted band were fit for work, illness having prostrated the remainder. The midnight sun enabled them to take up their march at night, and the day, with its hideous, blinding, maddening glare, was devoted to rest. Sun-blindness came upon many—Danenhower suffering horribly. On and on over the snow, over the ice, now falling into the gruesome water, now pulling, cutting and maiming themselves on the jagged ice, struggled the famine-stricken explorers. Their sleds were smashed, the ice closed in and stove a hole in one boat, while the others were as leaky and shaky as baskets. Their dogs were reduced by starvation from twenty-four to two. On July 12th Bennett Island hove in sight, where the now desperate men found some game, but it proved Dead-sea fruit, sickening them as they ate of it. On September 12th they were once more in clear water, but on the fatal next day sprang up the gale that separated the boats. On the following morning Lieutenant Melville's boat was alone on the sea, and in this his crew sailed till the 17th, when they landed on one of the islands of the delta. Here they rested through Sunday, September 18th, and on Monday, having started up the river, were met by hospitable natives and saved.

Captain De Long in the second boat—the third was under command of Lieutenant Chipp—landed on September 16th at a point near the northernmost branch of the Lena. Here the party remained for two days to recuperate, all being badly frost-bitten. Two men alone were in anything approaching good condition—Noros and Nindemann. On the 19th the journey south commenced, each man carrying his own burden. They traveled for four days, and, two deer having been shot by Alxie, the famished wretches feasted luxuriously. The next four days brought them to the extremity of a peninsula, and after some delay in waiting for the river to freeze, they crossed five hundred yards to the west bank on the 1st of October. Before crossing they got another deer. Here Erikson succumbed, and was buried in the river. The captain now decided upon sending Noros and Nindemann ahead,



## OH, ANGEL SLEEP.

Oh, Angel, on whose drowsy head  
A poppy-wreath hangs heavy and red,  
Come when the night's black shadows creep,  
And fold your white wings' rustling sweep.  
Enter my room with snow-flake tread,  
And hover near my weary bed,  
Where, since I knew my love was dead,  
The whole night long I toss and weep.

Oh, Angel Sleep,  
Under your pinions wide outspread  
Shelter me, till my soul is led  
Down through that valley dark and deep,  
Through whose dim shade his spirit fled,  
That I with him sweet tryst may keep,  
Oh, Angel Sleep.

## A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LONG line of carriages was rolling up the great avenue leading to the Court as Gwendolen, favored by the darkness, reached it, and saw that it would be very easy for her to join any one of the masked and shrouded groups which were constantly alighting, and, in their company, enter unnoticed, and mingle with the throng of guests which were even now ascending the grand staircase whose balustrading was entirely hidden by flowering vines.

She felt faint, and her heart beat so violently as almost to impede her motion as she crossed the threshold of her husband's house an uninvited, unwished-for guest, coming back, as one from the dead might have done, to find her place filled, her memory a colorless shadow.

Unremarked she mingled with the crowd, which divided at the top of the stairs and streamed into the different dressing-rooms. When she found herself standing, without her domino, the object of general attention, both on account of the singular beauty of her costume and the remarkable color and profusion of her unbound hair, a momentary terror seized her. She thought she saw doubt and suspicion look out on her from the eyes sparkling through the masks of every color that surrounded her. A good many heads were bent together, and she knew from the direction of their eyes that they were speaking of her.

Night said to Morning: "Who is it? Did you ever see anything like the color of her hair? Is it natural?"

Morning returned: "Her hair! I am looking at those rubies. I never saw anything so magnificent!"

Mary Stuart, forgetting her lifelong hatred, had slipped her arm within that of Queen Elizabeth, and whispered: "Can you tell me who that is? I know of no one with such jewels but the Duchess of —. But then she hasn't hair like that."

"And is, besides, a thousand years old," said Queen Beas, emphatically. It is Lady Yemonde S —, the famous London beauty. I heard she was too ill to come to-night, but you see that she is not."

Gwendolen encountered another embarrassment as the masks began to leave the dressing-room, for at the door each lady found a gentleman awaiting her, whose escort she accepted. As she crossed the threshold with hesitating step, King Charles the First came down the gallery—a stately figure in a superb Vandyke dress. When he saw Gwendolen, His Majesty started, and, approaching her with unkingly haste, offered her the support of his royal arm. Gwendolen accepted it gratefully. It brought her a sense of protection. And then her heart began to beat wildly again, for something the height and shape of the man on whose arms she leaned reminded her of Lionel, and she went down the stairs unable to lift her eyes, for she felt that her companion was regarding her with a strangely intent gaze through the eye-holes of his mask.

An attendant, dressed as one of Henry the Eighth's Beef-eaters, stood at the door of the ante-room, through which they were to pass, halberd in hand.

"What names shall I announce?" he asked. "King Charles First, of England," replied Gwendolen's escort.

"The Doom Lady," said Gwendolen, who knew now that her companion was not Lionel, and who had felt him start violently as she named herself.

"I knew it!" he muttered, and these words somewhat alarmed her.

"What did he know?" While she was pondering this question, she was scarcely conscious that they were passing through a long suite of brilliantly-lighted rooms, while thundering down before them, from mouth to mouth of the variously disguised attendants stationed at the entrance to every room, went the names of King Charles and the Doom Lady.

In the White Drawing-room my lady, wearing a magnificent Moorish costume, stood to receive her guests, and back of her rose a complete wall of flowers, principally of roses, red and white, which mimicked the arabesques of a Moorish palace, the windows being outlined by the dark, glossy leaves of some foreign plants, and filled in with innumerable small flowers, to imitate the colors and tracery of stained glass. The pillars were tall palms, around which twined fragrant-flowering vines; the interlacing branches of the palm-tree pillars made the roof; and a sparkling fountain of perfumed water sent its light spray upwards and around, refreshing the flowers and cooling the air. Of course my lady wore no mask, and as the name of the Doom Lady reached her ears she grew slightly pale; but this pallor became almost deadly when she saw the Doom Lady standing before her, while a hum and buzz rose all around, many pressing forward to look closer at the beautiful shape, with the waxen flesh and gleaming silver hair, which moved like a Salamander in a circle of darting flames.

A figure standing behind my lady bent forward, and then stood as if stiffened to stone, unheeding the eager questioning of the girl who was hanging on his arm.

"Who is she, Lionel? Look at her jewels! and her hair!—it is the Doom Lady herself!"

Lionel did look and saw the jewels—remarkable from their peculiar design as well as their beauty—that he had himself ordered to be made, and then given to the unhappy girl who had left him. Could this be she? Would she have the unparalleled audacity? And could the man with whom she was be Bacio?

Meanwhile my lady had contrived to un-stiffen her lips sufficiently to say:

"I am happy to see your majesty so well recovered from your late misfortune. You bring one of our house with you from the other world! And, although you are said to menace misfortune, you, too, are welcome," she added, turning to Gwendolen.

"I thank you, my lady, though I come but as a captive to breathe your upper air to-night," replied Gwendolen, whose theatrical training now stood her in good stead.

My lady started and Lionel shuddered as she spoke—my lady at her words, Lionel at the sound of her voice. Gwendolen raised her eyes, glancing once around the group standing behind my lady, and then passed on with her escort, who said:

"I esteem myself very fortunate in meeting one whose fortunes my royal ancestor had it in his power to raise."

"Your majesty is mistaken," said Gwendolen. "He was the cause of all my misery while on the earth, and an eternity of woe beyond the grave. But all that is forgotten and forgiven. Let me enjoy the short time I have for being among living men and women."

"And let me go back with you to your grave when you go!" said the mask. "When I saw you first I wished I had lived in your time, only for the pleasure of being a ghost with you now."

"But I lived before your majesty's day!" said Gwendolen.

"Disembodied spirits have privileges, you know!—and I am acquainted with one of your favorite haunts; I don't mean a pun."

"Indeed! Is it the Dark Pool?"

"No; the Nuns' Garden."

Gwendolen could not prevent a start; then she said, quickly:

"But you know that I was buried there!"

"I know that, and I was looking for your grave, when I saw some one gliding down those outside stairs, looking as if floating through the air. I lost my heart then, and I have never found it until now."

Again Gwendolen started. "How long ago was that?"

"About a year."

"Oh, a little more than that, Count Lell," said Gwendolen, indignantly, and this time the mask started. "Tell me," she went on, "what have you done with Polly?"

"Po-o-olly!" he repeated, in such a quavering, confused voice, that Gwendolen could have laughed had she not been so angry.

"Yes, Polly, who met you in the Nuns' Garden—my Polly!"

"The young woman with the red hair? I swear to you I know nothing of her. I only sought her in the hope of finding you."

"Give me back Polly if you hope for my favor. You shall never see me after to-night unless you tell me what you have done with her!"

"Upon my honor, by my hope of heaven, I know nothing about her! I never saw her but twice, and the second time I was set upon by two men, one of whom tried to stab me, and the other to save me. I managed to make my escape, and left the Priory the next day."

"With Polly?"

"No; alone, I swear to you."

"Go! I shall have nothing more to say to you."

"But you will dance with me, just once? Hear that music! We don't have such in—pur-gatory!"

"You are right, it is purgatory," said Gwendolen, in a tone of such unfeigned anguish that it startled the count. "But I mean to enjoy my one night of liberty," she added, more lightly. "But not in your society, Count Lell! I have had enough of such in—in the place I am doomed to."

Again the count felt as if struck by a sudden chill. She might be a good actress, but that voice, those falling, breaking tones, spoke of one whose fate was separated by some terrible barrier from those of happy human beings. Several masks now approached eager to secure her as a partner in the ballroom. She took the arm of a Knight Templar, and left the count with a warning gesture from the most perfectly beautiful hand he had ever seen.

As soon as my lady found that she could leave her guests, she had gathered up her skirts, stiff with their embroidery of gold and silver, hastened to her own apartments, unlocked a door in the further corner of her dressing-room that opened on a narrow staircase, up which she hurried, having kicked off her Moorish slippers that she might do so noiselessly, and pushed open a door leading into Gwendolen's bedroom. She was about to rush towards the bed and pull aside the curtains, when she saw Peggy sitting in her corner and seemingly intent upon her work. She went up to her hastily, and, as Peggy still seemed unconscious of her presence, she touched her shoulder with one jeweled finger. Peggy raised her head, and gazed at her in what my lady took to be stolid amazement, mingled with admiration of her rich dress.

"Where is your lady?" signaled her ladyship, with almost a menacing look on her pale features.

Peggy pointed towards the bed. My lady ran up to it, and flung back the curtains. Yes, there lay Gwendolen, sleeping soundly by her

child's side, one long tress of her hair trailing over the crimson counterpane.

My lady looked confounded. She clasped her hands together and looked down on the ground with contracted brows. Could such things be? Was it no woman she had seen, but a spirit, and an evil spirit at that, come from its place of torment to mingle in and, perhaps, thwart her plans? She turned away and went out of the room as abruptly as she had entered it, leaving Peggy grinning and wagging her head in a rapture at the success of her counterfeit lady.

When my lady appeared among her guests again she was eagerly accosted by King Charles, whom she met as eagerly, for she recollected that the Doom Lady had come in on his arm.

"I was just coming to ask you to dance," he said.

"I will do so with pleasure. But I thought you already had a partner?"

"Do you mean the Doom Lady?"

"Yes; you were her escort, I thought?"

"I saw her coming out of one of the dressing-rooms, was attracted by her—costume, and offered her my arm."

"Oh!" said my lady.

"Of course you know who she is?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"That is singular. She wears beautiful jewels, does she not? But didn't you think them unnaturally brilliant?—did not you perceive something lurid in that play of flame around her when the light caught them?"

"My lord! you don't think—"

"I don't know what to think, my lady. The tone of her voice and her words were all those of a lost soul bewailing its loss."

My lady shivered. She thought the lights had grown dim and all her flowery wreaths and sprays looked pale and withered.

"She may be—a very good actress," she suggested.

"She is a tormenting, bewildering mystery!" said the count. "I wish I could get her to unmask!"

My lady began to feel jealous.

"Suppose she should show you a skull?" she said.

"Oh, I have seen her face once!" said the count, imprudently.

"Where?" cried my lady.

"Oh, in—in her portrait, to be sure!"

My lady felt more and more uncomfortable. They were now in the ballroom, and she looked around, but saw nothing of the Doom Lady. The count proposed they should go in search of her.

"I thought you asked me to dance!" said my lady, stiffly.

"Confound these old women!" thought the count, as they took their position. If my lady could have but known it!

Gwendolen, having finished her gallop with the Knight Templar, had been accosted by a Monk, who requested the honor of her hand. A slight shiver passed over her as he spoke, but, after an instant's hesitation, she put her hand in his arm, which trembled visibly.

"It is not to dance, my daughter, that I have engaged you," said the Monk, in a sad, low tone, "but to speak of past times."

"Of past times times, father?" said Gwendolen—"of those days when Amyas Charlton and other gay gentlemen turned you and the nuns out of your convents and monasteries?"

"I wish to speak of a year ago."

"Of a year ago?" said Gwendolen, in mocking tones. "That will be to speak of the dead still. Would you talk of the living wife to the dead one?"

"What do you mean?" asked the Monk.

"Nothing. Why should I mean anything?—I—that am myself nothing!"

"But you were something once! Honored, beloved—"

"Never—he never loved me! They may tell you that I brought him to a dishonored grave; but it was he who let others come between us, and bury me in my full life and strength that he might marry again, and thank God for a good 'house-spirit'!"

"Gwendolen!" said the Monk, grasping her arm.

"Yes; that was my name, and, something more. But what is it now?"

"Oh, my God! What do you mean? You frighten me!"

"It is nothing to you what I mean. There is another life between us, and I cannot wish it taken away!"

They had reached the conservatory while they were speaking, and, as she finished, he gasped, tottered and fell. In an instant she had thrown back his cowl, torn off his mask, and was sprinkling water on his face from the fountain. He sighed deeply, and, stooping, she kissed his forehead, and then glided away as a nun and cavalier appeared upon the scene, and cried out when they saw the dark figure stretched upon the floor, and a moonlight stream of silver gauze vanishing into the darkness.

The nun paused suddenly and leaned heavily on the cavalier's arm. "That was the Doom Lady!" she said, "and look there," pointing to the death-like face of the fallen Monk.

"Who can it be?" said her companion.

"Why, it is Mr. Charlton!"

Gwendolen thought that she had better go back to her prison. She was afraid that such a complication would arise as she should find it difficult to escape should she stay longer. She was hastening towards the room in which she had left her domino, when she encountered Mephistopheles, in black velvet and scarlet satin, at sight of whom, as he came along, striking sparks from his heels as he walked, the waiting-maids shrieked and fled.

"Welcome, fair lady," he said. "I was seeking for a partner in the Galop Infernal. Will you take a turn with me?"

"I am too hot already," said Gwendolen.

"And it is time that I should go back to my grave."

"Will you let me accompany you to its

brink? I suppose there is only room for one in it?"

"I had too much to do with you in my lifetime. But you are welcome to walk with me if you will," said Gwendolen, selecting her domino from a pile of many-colored garments.

"What! you are not going before supper?"

"My lord, when one has been eaten, one has no longer a stomach for food."

"Eat or remain fasting, as you please, but you must at least unmask before you go."

"Count Lell, I will unmask if you will."

"I will, upon my honor." He raised his hand to his face.

"Stop!" she said. "I don't care what is behind your false face. Teach your false tongue to speak the truth and tell me where is Polly?"

"I will tell you everything I know about her, if you will let me see your face?"

"Upon what you call your honor?"

"I swear it!"

"Very well; wait until we are outside the house."

"Oh, you mean to vanish!"

"Not until you have seen my face and I have heard what you have to tell me."

Muffling herself in her domino, she took the count's arm, and together they passed out into the cool, fragrant night. The moon was rising, and the different parts of the grounds seemed to unfold themselves and spring out of the shadow as she rose higher and higher.

"Where are we going?" asked the count.

"To the Nuns' Garden," answered Gwendolen's sweet, melancholy voice, and the count felt a strange chill pass through his blood.

"We are nearly there," he said. "Pray unmask now."

Gwendolen saw that they were close to the door in the wall and took off her mask. The moon's rays shone full on her face and the count started and fell back a space. It was the eager, expectant face of the picture, and startlingly like.

"Now, tell me about Polly!" she said.

The count drew a long breath.

"I promised to tell you everything I know about her, did I not?—and that is—nothing."

"And that is what you call honor!" said Gwendolen, disdainfully turning away from him.

"Oh! do not think to escape me like that!" he said, detaining her by grasping the folds of her domino. "I must and will know who and what you are—woman or fiend, it matters not. Stay here with me or take me there with you!"

But Gwendolen, by a dexterous movement, escaped from him, leaving a bit of cloth in his hand, and sprang in through the door in which she had left the key which she now turned, locking the door against him, and then flew down the winding alleys towards the Court, running plump against Peggy, who would have screamed if she could.

In an instant Gwendolen, who had heard the count scrambling up the wall by the aid of the ivy, tore off her domino, muffled Peggy in it, and signified to her that some one was coming to whom she must give a fair sight of her face, and then vanish. She only had time to reach the Court and open the secret door when the count flew towards Peggy, panting out, "I have you!" and, to make sure of her, he seized her in his arms.

The suddenness of the action pulled off the hood of the domino, and all Peggy's rampant red curls started up as if set on springs, her mouth laughed from ear to ear, her green eye glared, and her uncouth nostrils showed themselves like two slits in a mask.

The count, who supposed this to be some monstrous transformation of the Doom Lady, let his arms fall, and stood motionless with horror, while the sky seemed to reel and set the moon to rolling like a silver ball. When Nature had steadied herself again, he found himself alone, and, hurrying back to the wall, stumbled over it and ran back to the house as if pursued by fiends. As he rushed into the hall he was conscious that he still held in his hand the bit of cloth rent from the Doom Lady's dress. He held it up to the light and examined it. It was a piece of white linen, charred with fire, and spotted with blood!

The explanation is very simple.

One of the waiting-maids had cut her finger, and, having tied a piece of linen over the cut, held it to the candle to burn off the ends of the thread. It caught fire, she tore it off in a hurry, and, throwing it down, it fell, as it happened, on Gwendolen's domino, to the silken tassel of which it clung, and so was transferred to the count's grasp. But, as he did not know this, he remained convinced that the Doom Lady was a kind of vampire who had left her grave to join the festivities of the mortals of her house and name; and, shuddering when he thought of how he had implored her to take him with her, he resolved to leave England the very next day. The other guests were all in haste to leave a house so horribly haunted. They gathered around the count, and told how the young master of the house had been found half-dead in the conservatory, from which the silver train of the Doom Lady had been seen gliding like a serpent; but what horrible vision had stricken him down he was too ill to tell.

So the day ended in gloom and horror, Lionel raving in his delirium of a dead wife whose cold hand he could not unclasp from his own, and my lady learning that, a second time, her hope of becoming a Serene Highness had vanished in thin air.

CHAPTER XXV.—GWENDOLEN FINDS TWO BENEFACTORS.

GWENDOLEN returned to her old life, but she did not attempt to leave the Nuns' Garden again, and the key to the door was restored to its place, where my lady found it the next morning when she was looking for it, being still agitated by some suspicions as to the identity of the Doom Lady. But she found



Peggy no more impressed by her looks and questionings than a wooden image, while Gwendolen was as impassive as a statue. So my lady gave it up and devoted herself to curing Lionel, who again went back to the Continent for a while, traveling with a friend, and only came home when the birth of an heir had been officially announced to him.

When Gwendolen's boy had reached the age of eight years, and was a fine, manly little fellow, with fair, waving hair and brilliant blue eyes, two events occurred, one of which had a strong bearing upon the other, as it turned out afterwards.

The first event was Stephen Brandon's proposal to marry my lady, to which she responded with such insolence and hauteur as to rouse him to reply that he hadn't meant any harm. He knew that she had made two attempts to get a young husband, both of which had failed; she was some years older now, and he had thought she would be glad to get any one under sixty years of age, even if he didn't happen to be a Serene Highness.

The next event was Gwendolen's application for suitable books and a tutor for her son, to which my lady had replied that a child who did not know his father had no need of an education. But she would see that he had employment as a gardener, or something of that kind, on the place as soon as he should be old enough.

This insult nearly maddened the helpless Gwendolen, and, unable to sleep, she was pacing the walks of the Nuns' Garden, when she saw a man approaching her. She had never quite gotten over her fear of Pacio's return in spite of my lady's promise; she also feared her mode of access to the garden, being discovered by her presence there, and turned to hide herself, but the man followed her, calling her by name.

"Mrs. Charlton!" She paused and faced him. It was Stephen Brandon!

"You!" she said.

"Yes, it is I. I know you have reason to consider me an enemy, but if you will, from to night, we may be friends."

"Why should we be friends?" she asked, impetuously.

"Because I can be of use to you. For one thing, I can get you books and teach your son."

"Will you?" cried Gwendolen, eagerly.

"But why?"

"That he may be fitted for his future position as master of Charnwood."

"This is a stratagem!" cried Gwendolen.

"Poor child! I don't wonder you doubt me and every one who appears to mean you well. But I think you will believe me, when I tell you that I hate my lady."

"Your hatred is of sudden growth! Why, you have been her right hand for years!"

"That is true, but all that is over now. She has insulted me in a way that I can never forgive, and I mean to punish her by giving your son his rights."

"You know them to be his rights—then you have known it all this time? You have seen me shut up here—"

"I acknowledge all this. But what could I do against my lady? She has money and power. I have neither. I have done one thing for you, however. I have known of your walking here for the last four years, and have held my tongue."

"That is a great deal to me," said Gwendolen.

"I also know of your oath to my lady. If you chose to give up your own rights, what could I do about it?"

Gwendolen blushed.

"Not that I think you did wrong. Your first thought, of course, was too keep your child. And I think that you saved his life, and your own also."

Gwendolen shuddered.

"The question is now, have you so many friends that you can afford to refuse the chance that I may prove one to you?"

"No," said Gwendolen.

"Very well, then. I will get the books, and, if you please, I will bring them to you this evening."

Gwendolen assented, and from that time Brandon was faithful to the task he had undertaken, and Gwendolen found the society of a person with whom she could talk with her tongue as well as her fingers very agreeable to herself, while profitable to Charlesworth—for so she had named her son. When Charlesworth was twelve years old, my lady appeared suddenly one day and gave him permission to begin "to qualify himself for his future pursuit," by digging in the Nuns' Garden, and she told Gwendolen that she now might walk there as much as she pleased, as Mr. Charlton's health was so bad that he had decided to live on the Continent, and would, of course, take his family with him. She, at the same time, graciously presented the boy with a set of gardening tools, with which he was very much pleased, and instantly went to bury a dead bird he had found in the garden. The place he chose for the grave was at the root of the great ivy, and he presently came running in to his mother, bringing a box that he had found under the ivy branches, which he said had her name on it. It was a japanned box, and had "Gwendolen" in white letters on the cover.

Gwendolen opened it and found it contained nothing but a letter addressed to herself, which she eagerly read, and found it to be as follows:

"If the child of a wronged and defrauded mother is now living, and that mother will apply to Messrs. Baring & Co., No. — Street, New York, United States of America, giving an address by which she will be sure of receiving anything that may be sent her, she will hear of something to her advantage."

Gwendolen showed this communication to Stephen Brandon, who advised her to write immediately, and tell the firm to address all future communications to the care of Stephen Brandon, Esq.

In a fever of doubt and anticipation, Gwendolen awaited the reply to her letter. It came in the form of a check on Baring & Brothers,

London, and an inclosed slip of paper stated the money to be intended for the educational expenses of Master Charlesworth Charlton, adding that she would receive a similar amount every six months until further notice.

Gwendolen flushed deeply, and then grew deadly pale, as she read this; then, grasping Brandon's arm, said:

"Does that mean—that he—my boy—is to leave me?"

"Yes," said Stephen.

"But who is this person who takes such an interest in my boy?"

Stephen shook his head.

"That is the question. Whoever it is, he means well by your son."

"May it not be—a plan—of my lady's?"

"My lady?—who intends to make a gardener of him?"

"But, to get him away, and into her power!"

"He could not be any more in her power than he is already. No, this is evidently a friend, although a most mysterious one. Do you not see that it will be the making of Charlesworth? If he is ever to live in the world—I mean in society—how is he to learn its ways if he stays here? I will look up a good school, and take him to it; and my lady must be made to suppose that he has run away to seek his fortunes."

My lady at first was rendered suspicious by this announcement, but the sight of Gwendolen's pallor and grief persuaded her that she had indeed suffered this to the mother—irreparable loss; but, to my lady, one of those "Providences," as she called them, that were always carrying out her wishes.

So the years went on, and Charlesworth had successfully finished his collegiate course, and was talking of looking out for some employment that would enable him to give his mother a home, when a series of events occurred that were destined to influence the future of all the characters in our story.

In the first place, Stephen Brandon died very suddenly, to the great grief of Gwendolen and her son.

Then the *Morning Post* announced:

"In Vienna, of consumption, Lionel Chester Charlton, Esq., of Charnwood Court and Chase, England."

Also:

"At the Summer Palace of the Grand Duke of Hohenlohe, of aneurism of the heart, Maximilian Aymer, Viscount Doricourt, only son of Richard Mountgeorge, sixth Earl of Ilfraden."

And below this appeared:

"Suddenly, at Vienna, Richard Mountgeorge, Viscount Doricourt, Earl of Ilfraden."

(To be continued.)

#### An Important Postal Order.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HOWE last week issued an important order, the operation of which will be of great benefit to mercantile classes in all of the large cities of the country. It directs that after the 1st of July next all letters on which a full rate of postage has not been prepaid, instead of being forwarded to the Dead Letter Office, shall be held by the postmaster of all letter-carrier or free-delivery offices and the addressee informed by official postal-card that it is only necessary to remit the postage due to receive the letter. It was ascertained that nearly one-half of the letters received at the Dead Letter Office for lack of prepaid full rate were from cities where the letter-carrier system is in operation. The new order will consequently make 111 Post-office centres of distribution for matter now received at one centre—the Dead Letter Office. To illustrate, the Postmaster at Baltimore tested the new regulation several months ago. Out of 1,300 letters that would have been sent to the Dead Letter Office for lack of proper prepayment, all but thirteen reached their destination without the circumlocution of the Dead Letter Office. A full rate of postage is three cents. The class of letters referred to are those on which a two or one-cent stamp has been affixed, or no postage-stamp at all. The new order will enable the force employed in the Dead Letter Office to give prompt attention to the business more properly belonging to it, and leave to the postmasters in large cities the duty of forwarding all mail matter that comes within the provisions of the new order of the Postmaster-General.

#### International Polar Stations.

THE Signal Service is about to send out two expeditions to the Arctic regions for the relief and supply of the parties already there. A year ago Lieutenant Greeley, of the Fifth Cavalry, headed an expedition to Lady Franklin Bay, and Lieutenant Ray, of the Eighth Infantry, headed another expedition to Point Barrow. They reached their destinations safely, having with them provisions and other stores for a year, and building materials for houses. The two stations thus established are part of a chain of international stations, among which are stations at the mouth of the Lena, and at Baranul, in Siberia, and at North Cape in Sweden. These stations with others, have been established for the purpose of taking meteorological, astronomical, magnetic and time observations as near as possible to the North Pole. The observations are to be taken daily at the same actual time. The simultaneous observations will begin on the 1st of the coming August. The two expeditions that are to start as soon as possible will carry to the parties at Point Barrow and Lady Franklin Bay another year's supply of provisions, clothing, fuel, medical stores and all other needed articles. Three or four observers will accompany each party for the purpose of replacing any of the men who may have died during the year, or relieving those who may have become incapacitated for remaining in the cold climate of the far North. No communication has been had with either Lieutenant Greeley or Lieutenant Ray since the return of the vessels that carried them to their stations a year ago.

#### How Mormon Missionaries are Selected.

THE Salt Lake Tribune says: "Among the batch of missionaries sent out by the Mormon Church to make proselytes in Europe was a young man who has only been married a little over a year. All Mormons look forward with dread to the semi-annual conference meeting when they expect to hear their names read off in the Tabernacle and receive the solemn summons to leave home and friends to wander in strange lands where they expect to be maltreated and imprisoned. There is no appeal from their appointments, and when a man's name is read off he has nothing to do but to pack up

his things and set out. It is generally understood that the men sent abroad are in some way especially fitted to spread the bogus gospel to the world, but the Mormons know well enough that a man who is a bishop's rival in love affairs is more likely than any to be ordered to go. At the last conference a young man was ordered to go to England who had not been married much over a year. He was horror-stricken when he was appointed, and, going to the Council, begged to be excused on the grounds that his wife would be heart-broken if he left her. The only reply he got was that there were plenty more wives to be had, and that he ought to take another to keep her company. He went home and told his wife the worst, and the poor woman became almost frantic with grief and apprehension. On Saturday last he bade her good by, kissed his child but a few months old, and started out on a two years' trip to help ensnare others as he was ensnared. Since his departure his wife has been almost crazed, and is inconsolable with grief. These are miseries which a cold and heartless priesthood are continually inflicting upon their benighted followers. The man who thus left a young wife at the bidding of the priests deserves no sympathy. Had he been possessed of the right sort of a heart and a little backbone, he would have cut loose from the rotten church, and when a priest came to excommunicate, kicked him down the steps."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The Busts of thirteen Italian famous jurists who were born at Naples have been inaugurated in their native town. They represent Nardo Pagano, Nicolini, Capitelli, Pisanella, Savarese, Porzio, Raffaele, Ricciardi, Borelli, Parelli, Wuspare, Cevellino, Capone. A great concourse of people witnessed the unveiling of the busts, some of which are beautiful works of art.

From Experiments on Dogs, Dr. E. Ludwig concludes that in all cases, whether of acute or chronic poisoning, the liver is the organ richest in arsenic. The liver was found to contain nearly seventeen times as much of the poison as the brain. To this the observations of men poisoned by arsenic lent strength. It would, therefore, appear that the liver is the best part to examine in judicial cases.

M. Grandt has constructed an apparatus for moving ships by electricity. An ordinary steam-engine sets in motion several electro dynamite induction machines. The current is transmitted to a voltmeter containing acidulated water, which is decomposed into oxygen and hydrogen. These two gases are conducted into a tube, and escape by an aperture near the keel. A little above this aperture are two platinum points, isolated from each other and in communication with an induction coil. When the gas escapes a spark explodes it, and the explosion moves the ship.

A Recent Study of the Rhone glacier by M. Gosset has furnished some interesting data as to its movements. Four rows of stones of different colors were placed, in 1874, on its surface, and their position has been precisely noted from time to time. These observations prove that the glacier advances much more rapidly in the upper part than near the extremity, also that the ablation, which amounts to nothing in the higher parts, is very great in the lower; and that the difference in the progress of the central and the lateral parts of the glacier is much greater in the first part.

An Important Fragment of the celebrated plan of the City of Rome of the time of Septimius Severus, of which the pieces found in the sixteenth century and subsequently are preserved on the staircase wall of the Capitoline Museum, was discovered recently in the course of the excavations in progress between the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina and the corner of the Palatine. It shows a portion of the plan of the Temple of Castor and Pollux and other edifices which stood within a few yards of the spot where it was found, and it fits into and completes one of the fragments in the Capitoline Museum.

M. Montigny, who has made some observations on the effects of lightning upon trees near telegraph wires, reports that the fulminant fluid has scarcely produced its effects, except in places where the provocative action of the wire is favored by the influence exerted on it by a considerable group of lofty trees; this action is especially favored in places where the road traverses woods on an elevation, but the differences of height seem to have less powerful influence than the surrounding and neighborhood of wood. This conclusion agrees with what Arago observed as to the objects and places which lightning strikes by preference.

The Color shown on steel in tempering is not due to any chemical change or mechanical condition of the structure directly, but it is owing to superficial change in the mechanical condition of the surface, set up by the strains of heating and cooling. Play of color, like that on mother-of-pearl and many other common objects, is due to the decomposition of the light by a myriad of minute scales or projections on the surface, and it is in the rearrangement of the structure of the steel that this condition is obtained in it, and we have learned that steel is of such a temper when it exhibits certain tints and shades of them. This is not because hard steel is yellow or medium temper bluish-violet, for when it is broken all tempers are shades of white-gray.

H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., who offered several prizes for the discovery of comets last year, has concluded to continue the prizes during 1882, with an additional prize for the discovery of meteors. The prizes consist of \$200 in gold for each discovery of a new comet made in the United States, Canada, Great Britain or Ireland; \$200 for any meteoric stone found in any of the above countries, which Professors Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y., Principal Dawson, of Montreal, Canada, and J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, Ky., shall unanimously decide contains fossil remains of animal or vegetable life, thus proving the inhabitation of other planets; and \$50 for a specimen of any meteoric stone (whether it contain organic remains or not) seen to fall in the United States during 1882.

#### Death-roll of the Week.

MAY 6TH.—At Deerfield, N. Y., Theodore D. James, brother of the ex-Postmaster-General. May 7th.—In New York city, James F. Freeborn, formerly a well-known merchant and a strong abolitionist, aged 80. May 8th.—At Chicago, Ill., Dr. W. E. Dunn, for eight years City Physician, at St. Charles, Minn., S. S. Beman, member of the State Senate and a prominent Republican politician. May 9th.—At Brookline, Mass., Theophilus B. Martin, the oldest printer in Boston, aged 86. May 10th.—In New York city, Colonel Edward B. White, formerly in the Union and Confederate Armies, and an architect of high reputation; at Mount Holly, N. J., Charles Bispham, a prominent railroad man, aged 83; at Carson City, Nev., Edgar W. Hillyer, United States District Judge. May 11th.—In New York city, Sylvander Johnson, a prominent manufacturer and politician of North Adams, Mass., aged 67; at Trenton, N. J., William E. Beilville, clerk of the United States District Court; at Montreal, Canada, L. A. McConville, member of the Dominion Parliament; at Edinburgh, Scotland, Dr. John Brown, a popular author, aged 73; at Paris, France, Francois, a great linguist and archaeologist, aged 68; at Sherburne, N. Y., Dr. Devillo White, a prominent and wealthy physician. May 12th.—In New York city, Robert Thallon, formerly a prominent merchant, aged 66; at Washington, D. C., James Q. Smith, Republican contestant for the seat of Congressman Shelley, of Alabama.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENATOR LOGAN has returned from Hot Springs greatly improved in health.

EX-SECRETARY KIRKWOOD, of Iowa, announces that he is not and will not be a candidate for Congress.

MISS EMILY McTAVISH, a granddaughter of Winfield Scott, has taken the veil at a Maryland convent.

HENRY WARD BEECHER's brother, James, is going to erect a \$40,000 Summer hotel in Ulster County, New York.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT has secured the former cook of the Baroness de Rothschild at a salary of \$7,000 per annum.

PETITIONS are circulating in Maine urging Mr. Blaine to be a candidate for Congress on the general ticket next Fall.

SURGEON-GENERAL WOODWARD of the Army, one of the physicians who attended President Garfield, is seriously ill in Nice.

M. MEISSONIER has just recovered five of his paintings, which were stolen by one of his models and sold by this person for insignificant sums.

ANGUS McDONALD, whose cap was shot off his head at the battle of Waterloo, died in Montreal the other day at the age of one hundred and six years.

WILLIAM CRUMP's place as steward at the White House is to be filled by Howard Williams, of New York, who was formerly Roscoe Conkling's messenger.

MISS FANNY EVERETT has been Postmistress of West Foxboro, Mass., for fifty years. She is eighty-four years old, and has just been stricken with paralysis.

BILLS for the restoration of Fitz John Porter to his rank in the army and authorizing the President to retire him have been introduced in both the Senate and House.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT went to Washington in his new yacht last week, dined at the White House, and took the President and Cabinet on a short trip down the Potomac.

MR. CHARLES G. FRANKLYN, owner of the house at Elberon in which President Garfield died last September, has just lost a little daughter in Paris from typhoid fever.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL has accepted an invitation to deliver the oration at the opening of the National Mining and Industrial Exhibition in Denver, Col., August 1st.

As Mr. Alexander H. Stephens was ascending the steps leading to the House of Representatives one day last week, he fell, spraining his ankle, but he was not seriously injured.

WILLIAM E. ENGLISH, of Indianapolis, son of the candidate for Vice-President on the Hancock ticket in 1880, has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of his district.

CHILI has sent for the first time a Legation to Mexico. Mr. Carrasco Albano is the Minister, and Mr. George Asta Buruaga, formerly at Washington, is the Secretary of Legation.

THE President has appointed Major Garrett B. Lydecker, at present on duty in Chicago, Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia, in place of the late Major W. J. Twining.

JOHN L. CLEM, the drummer-boy of Chickamauga, has been appointed a captain and assistant quartermaster. He is now military professor at the Galeville University in Wisconsin.

ALFRED TENNYSON is busily writing at one of his country places. He has finished his new play, founded on the story of Robin Hood and his merry men, and Mr. Irving will soon produce it at the London Lyceum.

JUDGE BLATCHFORD was given a reception by the Bar Association of New York last week. The Judge took hold of work as soon as he reached Washington, and nearly one-ninth of fifty decisions rendered by the Court in one day recently were by him.

WILLIAM A. SWERT, who owns a large farm just outside the Syracuse city line in the beautiful Onondaga Valley, has offered it as a free gift for a city park, and he has further offered to be one of a number of moneyed men to make it available for that purpose.

CONGRESSMAN LYNCH, of Mississippi, the negro who has just been seated, is thirty-four years old, was a slave up to his seventeenth year, and at that age could neither read nor write. He has a plantation of nearly 170 acres near Natchez, in which city he learned the art of photography, and managed a gallery for some years.

W. W. STORY, the sculptor, who was designated by Congress to make a \$15,000 statue in bronze of the late Professor Henry, writes from Rome stating that in consequence of a serious accident in the workshop of the bronze-caster there will be an indefinite delay in the completion of the statue, and that it may be necessary to make a new casting.

M. VERESTCHAGINE, the painter of battle-pictures, has recently had two singular compliments paid him by Continental Governments. So vividly has he depicted the horrors of the battlefield, that in Russia the public exhibition of his paintings was altogether interdicted, while at Berlin the military authorities forbade soldiers to pay them a visit.

MADAME NILSSON made her first appearance in London since her husband's death, in deep mourning. Her first notes betrayed her agitation by a tremulous quaver, but she bravely conquered herself, and her full, strong voice rang through the hall with all its old-time sweetness. The audience applauded rapturously, but she firmly declined the encore.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has decided that under the Sixty-second Article of War the court-martial that tried Mason had full jurisdiction of the offense, and that the sentence is not in excess of what it had the authority to pass. This exhausts Mason's remedies in the courts, and he can now look only to Executive interference for any mitigation of the punishment which he was sentenced. His wife has made an appeal for the prisoner's pardon to the President.

THE Marquis and Mme. de Chambrun, the latter of whom is Lafayette's great-granddaughter, with several Congressmen and other Washington people, visited Yorktown last week, and dined at the historic Moore House, in the room occupied by Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau and De Grasse pending the negotiations for the surrender of Cornwallis. The centennial celebration occurred before the arrival of the family in this country, and the main object of this trip was to gratify their desire to visit the memorable field.

SECRETARY LINCOLN is popular at the South. The Vicksburg Herald says: "He has let no opportunity pass to show the Southern people kindness. He has worked side by side with the Southern Governors for the relief of the overflow sufferers, and we are sure Robert T. Lincoln has been praised oftener since he has been at the head of the War Department by Southerners than by Northerners. His thoughtful kindness, and his attention to the details, are proof that his heart was in the work. The Southern people are impulsive, warm-hearted, and extremely grateful, and we are correctly expressing their sentiment for the Secretary of War."



### THE PITTSBURGH COURT-HOUSE.

THE Court-house at Pittsburgh, Pa., which, with the county offices, occupied three acres of ground, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday, May 7th, entailing a loss of some \$300,000. Fortunately, most of the county records were saved, but great confusion was occasioned in the removal of books, papers and manuscripts, which were heaped together in a chaotic mass in the places to which they were carried. The fire burned with great rapidity, and the spectacle when the great dome burst into a fierce blaze is described as particularly "grand." Two firemen were seriously injured by falling timbers and brick.

### A HISTORIC SITE.

WE give on this page an illustration of the monument erected on the site of the famous interview between Generals Grant and Pemberton, on July 4th, 1863, at which Vicksburg was formally surrendered by the latter. The site of this historic event was originally marked by a small monument, as shown in the left of the picture; but this being "chipped" to pieces and carried off by relic-hunters, the Government replaced it by the more enduring memorial—a cannon—which now indicates the scene of the interview.

### A PREHENSILE TREE.

SO MANY curiosities of plant life have of late years been brought into public notice, that the report of the existence of a tree which picks up stones, bones, bits of wood, and other unconsidered trifles from the surface of the ground, retaining them and suspending them in mid-air, scarcely excites the incredulity nowadays with which such a statement would have been received a generation past. Thirty years ago stories of plants whose flowers were furnished with the means of inclosing flies or even pieces of meat, as a spider seizes on its prey and

quickly surrounds it with a network of gauze, and which then actually proceeded to eat the prey thus secured, almost as a spider would eat the fly—such stories, thirty years ago, would have been relegated

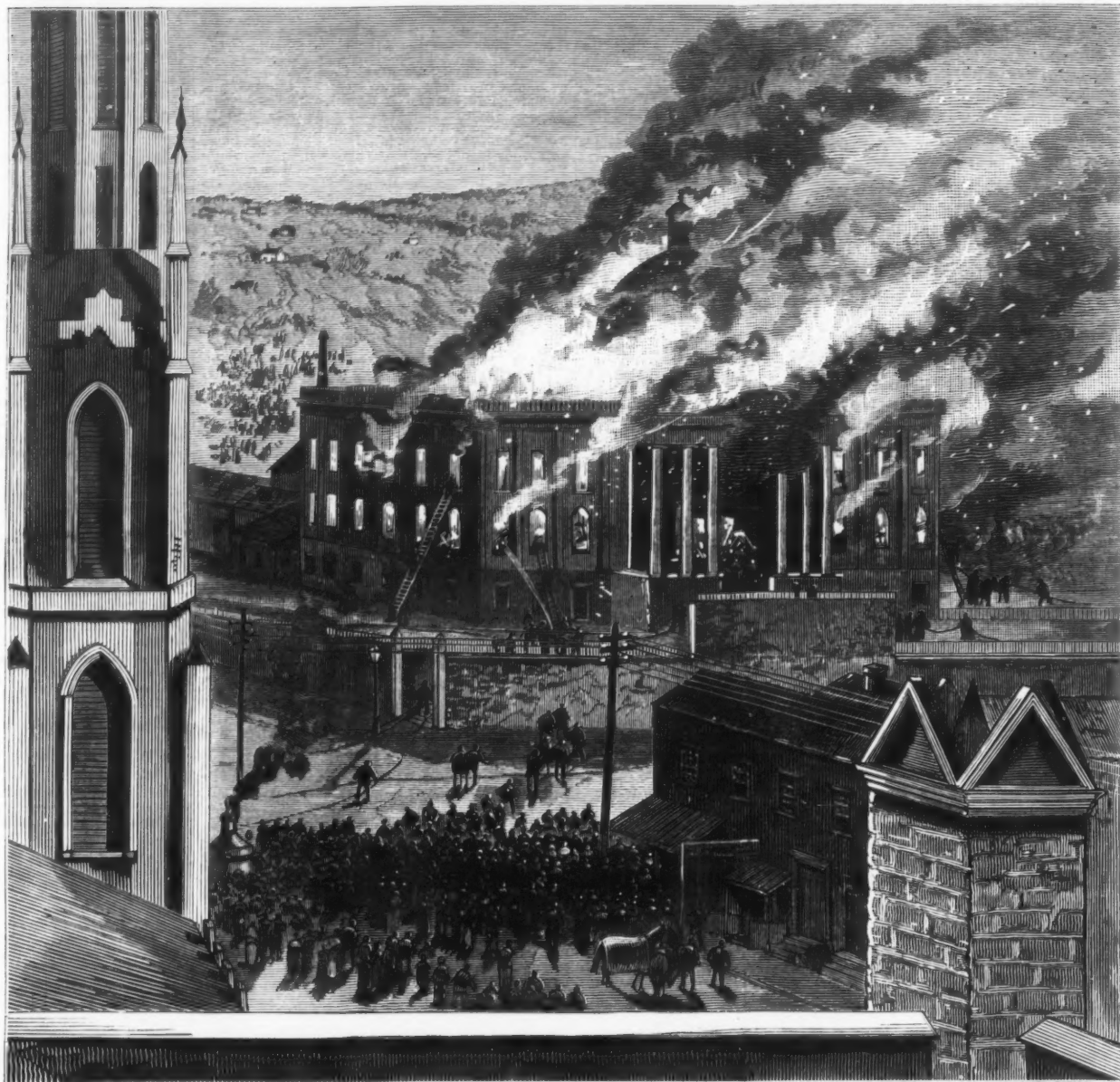
to the category of "travelers' tales." But we have the authority of Mr. Darwin, and any one may easily have the evidence of his own eyes, to prove that the possession of such properties by certain

tic near the Cape de Verde archipelago has often been reported, but it has so often been of a reddish hue that it is known among sailors as "red fog." In Lyons, Genoa, Sicily and other parts of

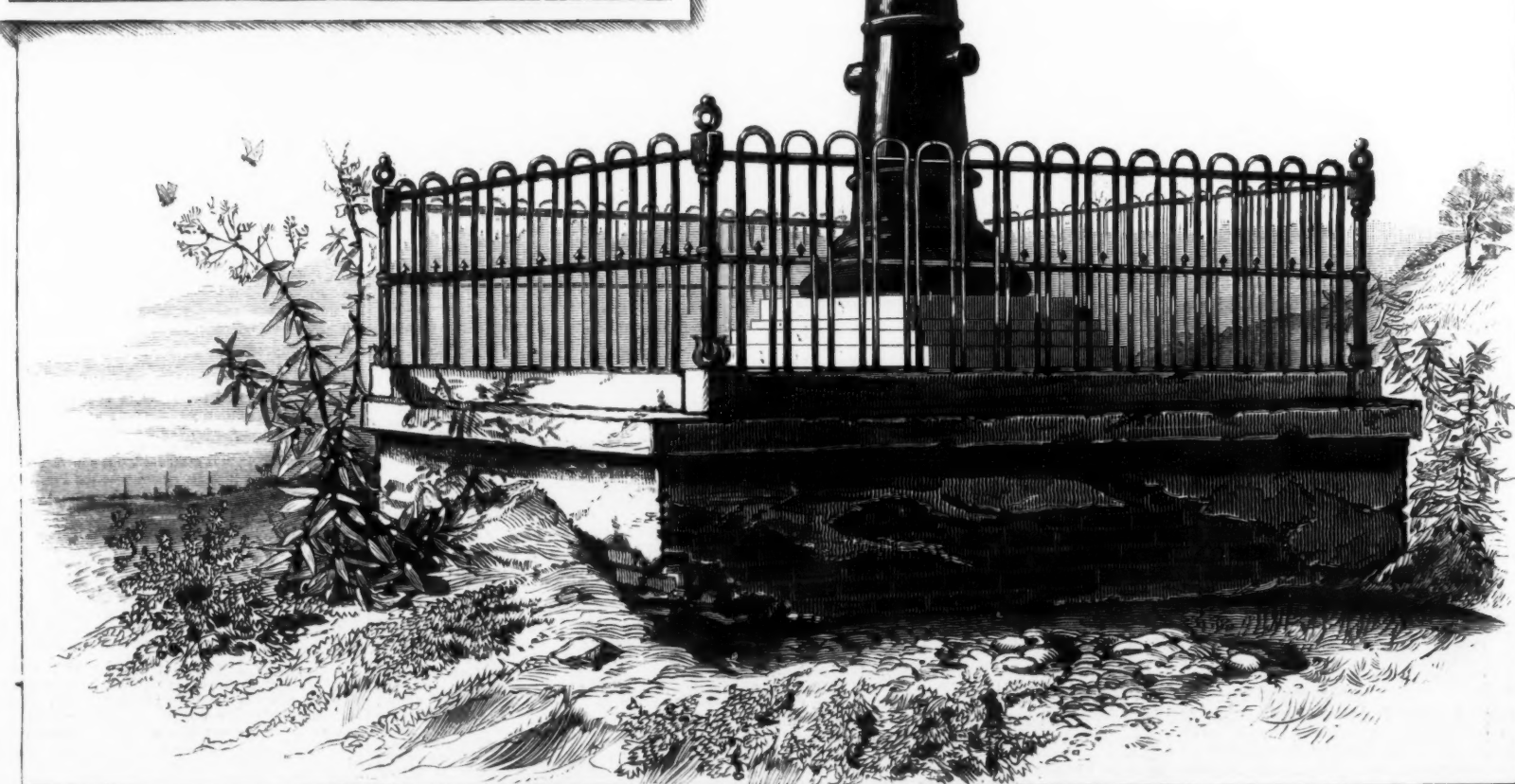
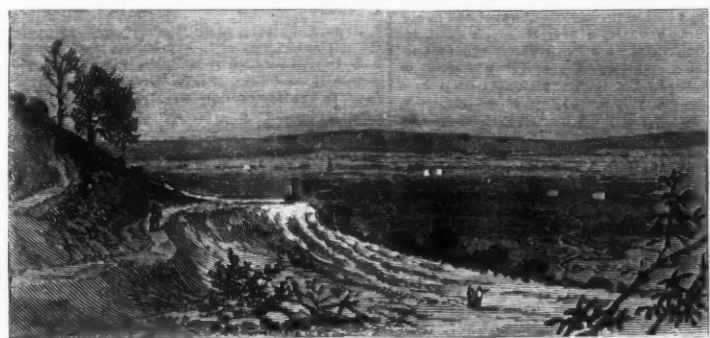
flowers is no fiction, but an undoubted fact. The same authority who first brought prominently into notice the remarkable properties of the *Drosera* has also shown that other plants have actually the power of progression, within certain limits, from one spot to another. With such instances it requires little effort to believe the correctness of the report above alluded to, that some plants are endowed with the faculty of picking up loose articles from the ground. Lieutenant Houghton, who recently visited New Guinea and several other islands and groups of islands in the Pacific, was the first, we believe, to report the existence of such a tree, though he did not explain the means by which it accomplished this unusual feat. It appears to be a species of *Ficus*, allied to the well-known banyan-tree, which throws out from its branches air-roots, that eventually reach the ground, take root there, and in their turn become new stems, which perform the same function, so that a single tree eventually extends so far in all directions as to form a complete forest, in which all the stems are united by the branches to each other. The prehensile tree in question similarly throws out from its branches long flexible tendrils, which, touching the ground, do not take root there, but twine themselves round any article that may lie within reach.

### RAINS OF DUST AT SEA.

A BRITISH vessel which recently made the passage from Tasmania round Cape Horn to England, when about 600 miles west of Cape de Verde Islands, had its sails and rigging thinly coated with a fine, powdery dust of a dark-yellow or saffron color, scarcely discernible on or near the deck, but profuse on the highest parts of the rigging, so that the sails appeared "tanned." Fine dust falling on vessels in the Atlantic near the Cape de Verde archipelago has often been reported, but it has so often been of a reddish hue that it is known among sailors as "red fog." In Lyons, Genoa, Sicily and other parts of



PENNSYLVANIA.—DESTRUCTION OF THE COUNTY COURT-HOUSE AT PITTSBURGH, BY FIRE, MAY 7TH.  
FROM A SKETCH BY L. L. ROUSH.



MISSISSIPPI.—THE MONUMENT MARKING THE SITE OF THE INTERVIEW, AT VICKSBURG, BETWEEN GENERAL U. S. GRANT, U. S. A., AND LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PEMBERTON, JULY 4TH, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY MOSER.





EARL SPENCER, THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.  
SEE PAGE 198.

Southern Europe the same phenomenon, giving rise to "blood rains," has frequently been recorded. Meteorologists long since concluded that this dust came from the Desert of Sahara. Both on the Atlantic Ocean and in Europe these rains of dust have almost invariably fallen between January and April—a period of the year in which the Sahara is most arid. The unusual force found during the past Winter in the northeast trades affords conclusive evidence that the phenomenon was due to dust transported by the winds from Africa.

#### HON. ALFRED C. COXE,

U. S. JUDGE FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

HON. ALFRED C. COXE, who was recently appointed as Judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of New York, comes of an honored ancestry, and, by a curious coincidence, succeeds to the position which was filled, for a quarter of a century, by his grandfather, Hon. Alfred Conkling. He graduated at Hamilton College, and studied law with Senator Conkling, whose partner he subsequently became. He is widely known in the interior of the State as an advocate, and brings to his new office acknowledged ability as well as high dignity of character. His age is only thirty-six years. He is a nephew of Bishop Coxe of the Western Diocese of New York.

#### THE NATIONAL MINING EXPOSITION.

THE first grand exhibition inaugurated west of the Mississippi will be the National Mining and Industrial Exposition at Denver, Col., which is to open on the 1st of August and continue through the month of September. The special object of the exposition is to exhibit specimens of all the mineral products of this country, and especially the royal minerals, gold and silver, in connection with the machinery used in extracting and milling the ores, in such a manner that visitors may secure at a glance an idea of the vast mineral resources of the continent. It is proposed to collect ores and minerals in such quantities that the exhibits will represent the average character of the mines from which they are taken. Accompanying the ores are to be charts of the mines, with detailed information of the assay value of the ores, the yields, process of milling, and the geological formation of the ground from which the ore is taken. The exhibits will be classified by States and districts, and each district will have its representative machinery on

exhibition, showing the methods of working best adapted to different kinds of ore. The plan, in brief, is to do for minerals what was done for cotton in Atlanta, Ga., last Summer—make them the subject of a special exhibition by means of which some idea can be given to the general visitor of the vast amount of wealth which lies hidden in our Western States and Territories. Exhibits will also be received from other countries. The citizens of the various towns throughout the mining States and Territories are displaying much zeal in the collection and preparation of representative displays of their resources and products for this department, and there cannot be any doubt that the exhibition will prove in every way as successful as its projectors could desire. The agricultural department will contain a full illustration of the wonderful results reached by the tillers of the soil, and the methods used.

To carry this scheme into effect, a company has been formed under the laws of Colorado, with a capital of \$200,000, and of this amount \$100,000 has been subscribed in the City of Denver alone. The company has purchased forty acres of land in Denver, and a contract has been made for the construction of a permanent exhibition building, the cornerstone of which was laid a few days ago. This structure is to be 500 feet in length and 316 in width, with large galleries and spacious windows, designed after the National Museum at Washington. It is to be constructed of stone, brick,

#### INDIAN SCHOOLS IN ALASKA.

THE progress of education among the Indians of Alaska cannot be said to be rapid, but both the Government and the Church are doing something in that direction by the establishment of mission schools at various points. One of these unpretentious educational institutions—at once church and school—is located at Haines, at the head of Lynn Channel, in South-eastern Alaska. Haines consists of the mission buildings, and is the post of the Northwest Trading Company, which was established in 1880. From the roof of the trading-post fifteen glaciers can be distinctly seen. The mission-house was erected in 1881 by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church. The bell which hangs in the belfry was donated by Mrs. C. D. Langdon, of New Jersey. The mission is in charge of Rev. Eugene S. Willard, and it has already become a centre of wholesome influence.

The most important educational institution in Alaska was that at Sitka, in which two hundred and thirty children had been gathered at the time of its destruction by fire in January last. The building belonged to the Government, and the enterprise was regarded as full of encouragement when disaster overtook and eclipsed it.

In addition to the day-school, there was a boarding-school, with thirty pupils, who were being trained in agriculture and other branches of useful knowledge. It is to be hoped the institution may be re-established.



HON. ALFRED C. COXE, UNITED STATES DISTRICT JUDGE.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY WILLIAMS, UTICA.



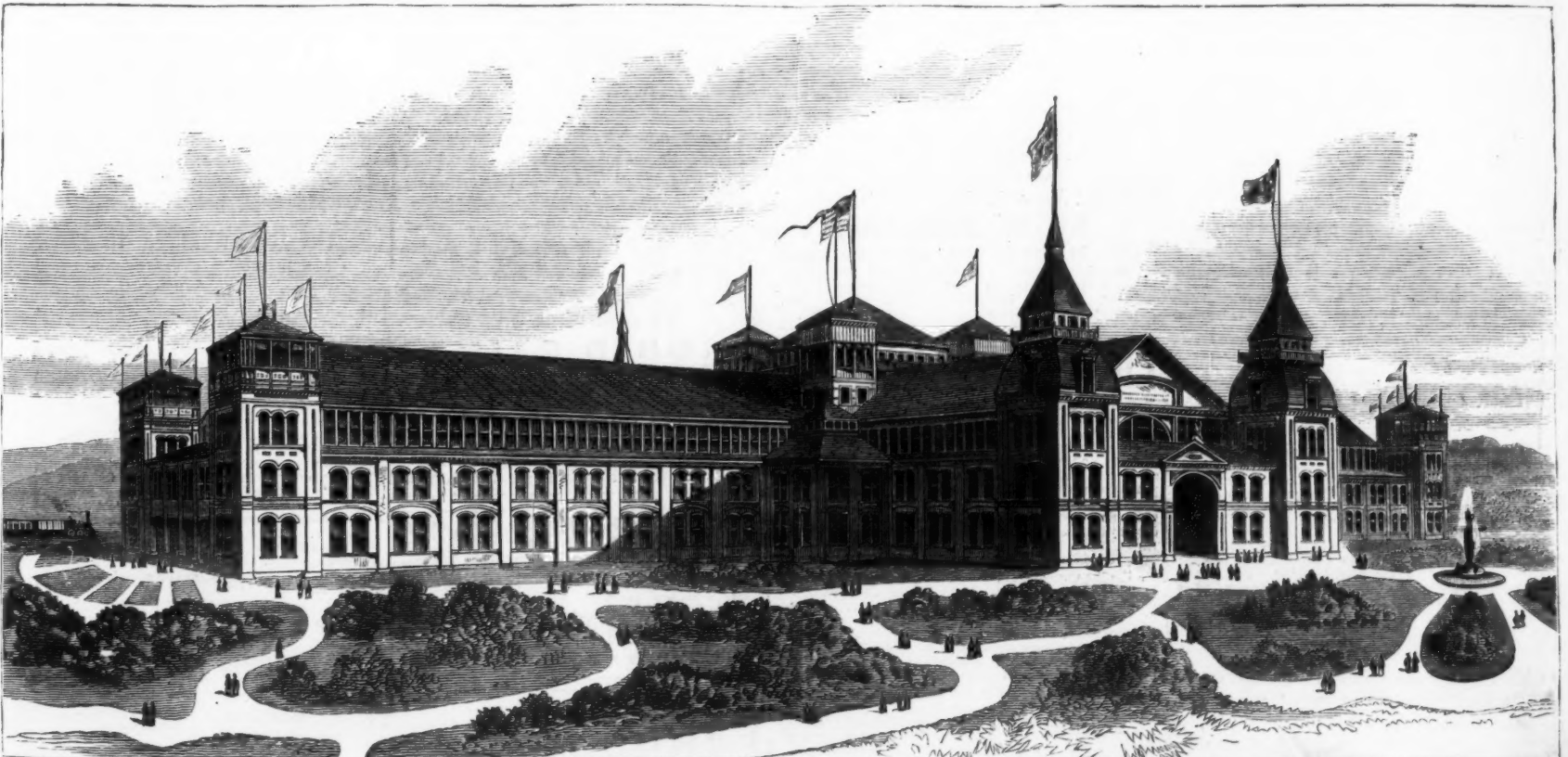
INDIAN EDUCATION IN ALASKA.—THE MISSION BUILDINGS AT HAINEES.

iron and glass. The area of the main floor will be 100,000 square feet, and of the galleries 45,000 square feet. On this page we present a sketch of the projected building, for which we are indebted to W. J. Edbrooke and F. P. Burnham, the architects of Denver and Chicago.

#### AN EGYPTIAN OSTRICH FARM.

A CAIRO correspondent of the Cleveland Leader writes: "I have visited the only ostrich farm in Egypt. It lies in the desert within five miles of Cairo, between the spot where Plato taught school

and the tree under which the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus rested some 1,800 years ago. The ostriches are kept in fields of desert-sand about as large as a town lot. These fields are surrounded by mud walls about seven feet high, and are entered by wooden gates. The first field we came to contained about a dozen large females two years and a half old. They were of a gray color, well feathered, and they appeared quite tame as they struck their long, flat, duck-like bills over the seven-foot wall and attempted to peck at our hats, blinking all the while knowingly at us with their pink eyes. With their long legs, their naked, featherless necks and their two-clawed feet, one kick of which will cut a man's head from his shoulders, they formed a queer sight. 'Each of these birds,' said Mr. Vedder, the proprietor, 'is worth from \$1,000 to \$1,500. Their feathers alone bring each season over \$150, and we estimated each bird as representing an income of \$250, or \$1,250 a year. Between their feathers and their eggs they ought to produce that.' 'Then ostrich farming is, I suppose, a profitable business?' I here asked. 'Yes, it should be,' was the reply; 'it costs very little to keep the birds. They live on beans and barley and sand. About \$2 a month will pay for one bird's food, and the sand—of which it eats from fourteen to sixteen pounds daily—costs nothing. I have 100 acres of land here, most of which is, as you see, desert, and I now have seventy ostriches of various ages—from two and one-half years to twelve days old. Besides this, I have over 100 eggs hatching, and in the Spring I will have about 120 more birds.' 'How many eggs will an ostrich lay during a season?' 'About twenty-five,' responded the farmer. 'Now is the laying season. In the Winter alone do they produce eggs. After they have laid that number they want to set. It takes forty-three days to hatch them, and we do this both by the natural and the artificial method. We merely place the eggs between flannel, and keep the temperature at blood heat. Do you see that box at the side with glass holes at the end?' he continued. 'Well, that is our apparatus for examining the eyes of the young birds. If the eyes are white, the birds will produce neither feathers nor eggs, and we kill them. If pink, like those you see to-day, they are good birds, and we take good care of them.' The next field we came to contained a number of male birds, which to my eyes showed little difference from the female. We then visited a number of other inclosures, where we saw ostriches of all ages, and then came to some with bodies not larger than a good-sized rooster—a Brahma rooster, for instance. Their legs, however, were longer than those of the tallest Shanghai, and they cuddled themselves down on the warm sand, making a peculiar squeaking noise as they did so. These ostriches were only about twelve days old, and they



COLORADO.—THE BUILDING OF THE PROPOSED NATIONAL MINING AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION AT DENVER.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S PLANS.



were the dearest little things imaginable, though their feathers were still as downy as a youth's mustache. The feathers of the ostrich, by-the-way, are of value according to their color, the white ones, which come from under the wing, being most valuable, worth \$150 a pound in an undressed state. The black and the gray ones are cheaper."

#### HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

THE "houses" at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre are all that a manager's fancy likes to paint them. The "White Slave" is filling the coffers of the treasury, and the run is one that is likely to continue even into the coming season. This last creation of Mr. Bartly Campbell's fertile brain is full of human interest, and enchains the audience by not one, but by a succession of strong links from the rising to the falling of the curtain. The heroine is a white girl of high parentage, although the fruit of an irregular alliance. The estate of the judge, her supposed owner, but actually her grandfather, is mortgaged by the lover of the *White Slave*, nephew of the judge and his business manager, to a villainous planter, a notorious gambler, who has laid a trap for the younger man. The home is destroyed, and the slaves, with the heroine, sold to the scoundrel planter. Then comes a rescue by the lover—a wonderfully sensational steamboat scene, followed by a realistic fire and explosion; and as the lovers, clinging to each other, float down the Mississippi on a splintered spar, the art of the machinist and scene-painter would seem to be taxed to its uttermost limits. Cast upon an island, the devoted pair are captured by the planter, who is finally shot by the very sheriff whom he sent for to arrest the fugitives, and all ends happily. To those who revel in nerve-tension and bated breath, the "White Slave" is a veritable *bonne bouche*. It is capably acted, and the mounting reflects the very highest credit upon the management.

#### FINANCIAL.

[Weekly Review of Wall Street, issued by MESSRS. HENRY L. RAYMOND & Co., Stock-brokers, 4 Pine Street, New York.]

"A fair horoscope of the future would seem to portend that no permanent advance in stocks can be looked for until the crops are pretty well assured. That one will come at no distant day may be counted upon as a certainty. The late advance, however, proved to be nothing better than a flash in the pan. We feel justified in recommending the purchase of such stocks as Northern Pacific, Omaha, Texas and Pacific, Kansas and Texas, and other cheap and promising securities; and, if bought at the present time, will, we firmly believe, realize handsome returns. We will carry these stocks as long as desired on margin of three to five per cent., which we consider ample protection in view of their present low prices. Such stocks as Michigan Central, Louisville and Nashville, Denver and Rio Grande, and others of a like nature, we will carry on a margin of five to ten per cent. When desired, we will exercise our judgment in the selection of stocks, and will receive for investment sums from \$50 to \$1,000, or upwards. Transacting business with large experience, and possessing advantageous facilities—such as direct telephonic connections, communication with Wall Street News Bureau, etc.—we feel confident that we can give satisfaction in all matters."

[MESSRS. HENRY L. RAYMOND & Co. transact business with large experience and excellent facilities; and persons wishing to invest in stocks will do well to write or call upon them for any information desired.]

#### FUN.

CAIN and ABEL were the only children we think of just now who were debarred from the inestimable privilege of hearing long and frequent lectures from their parents of what they did or did not when they were boys and girls.

"THERE is nothing like settling down," said the retired merchant, confidentially to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down and found I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I should not have had a cent."

AN old lady who does not believe in the co-education of the sexes was rejoiced the other day to find that, although the girls and boys in a large seminary seemed to be playing some sort of a game together, the school authorities had wisely hung a long net between them.

"I CAN'T think that all sinners will be lost," said Mrs. Nimbletong. "There's my husband, now. He is a bad man—a very bad man; but I trust he will be saved at last. I believe he has suffered his due share in this life." "Amen!" shouted Nimbletong from the back seat.

WHEN a Texas couple stood up to be married the minister saw the handle of a pistol protruding from the bridegroom's pocket, and suggested that, out of respect to the solemn ceremony, it be laid aside. The advice was heeded. Then from her bosom the bride demurely drew a dagger and tossed it beside the other weapon.

A BROOKLYN gentleman was most painfully and dangerously fooled on April 1st. As he entered the ferry-house, on his way to his place of business in New York, a small boy ran after him shouting: "Hi, hi, mister! here's yer pocketbook." The gentleman smiled a knowing smile, as one who ignores a foolish trick, and replied derisively: "Keep it for your honesty." The next time he had occasion to take his pocketbook from his pocket, it wasn't there! He had actually given it away.

THOMAS had been a carpenter; but, owing to dullness in trade, he engaged as footman at the "big house" in the village. On the day of his engagement, his mistress, having a lady visitor in the drawing-room, rang the bell for the footman. "You will show this lady the front door, Thomas," she said. "Yes, mem," replied Thomas; and, bowing to the lady, he requested her to follow him. On coming to the door Thomas opened it and the lady was about to pass out, when Thomas, tapping her on the shoulder, remarked, "This is the door, mem; guld pitch pine in't, framed twa and a half inches thick with raised moldings; and cost about twa pound ten, mem."

The "Longfellow Jug," combining the words and portrait of the great poet, is delivered, free of express charges, at any place in the United States, by RICHARD BRIGGS, of Boston. The price is only five dollars.

INDUCTIVE.—Officer: "How's this Murphy? The sergeant complains that you called him names?" Private Murphy:—"Plaze sur, I niver called him anny names at all. All I said was, 'Sergeant,' says I, 'some of us ought to be in a menagerie!'"

"USE Redding's Russia Salve."

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITIES CONDEMN Milk Foods containing unconverted starch, but speak in high terms of ANGLO-SWISS MILK-FOOD for infants and invalids.

STINGING Irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "BUCHU-PALEA." \$1 per bottle.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE Is USEFUL in dyspepsia. It gives the stomach tone and imparts vigor to the whole system.

"ROUGH ON RATS."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish; sold only in bottle, unrivaled by any for family use.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

#### PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

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To Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.  
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WHAT IS MEANT

By the cure of disease by magnetism? The columns of a newspaper cannot be used for such a purpose. That would more properly belong to the pages of a journal devoted to scientific investigation. Let us, then, in as few words as possible, inquire what is the nature of the agency through which and by which disease can be and is now constantly being cured, by the application to and introduction into the human body of continuous currents of magnetism. Experimental physiology has proved beyond all question that the nervous powers are the controlling agencies by which the various functional activities are carried on and perfected, and of the many theories that have been promulgated by physiologists respecting the nature of nervous power and how it extends its influence, there is not one that seems more feasible and more consistent with its modes and the phenomena of its manifestation than the idea that electricity, or more properly magnetism, is the motive and mysterious force through whose agency the great impelling nerve powers of the body



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OF EITHER SEX,

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